

The Magazine for the Christian Home

Hearthstone



- **The Slifers Live Abundantly—Lawrence P. Fitzgerald**
- **The Mother Spirit—Thomas Curtis Clark**

May 1950

The Magazine for the Christian Home Hearthstone

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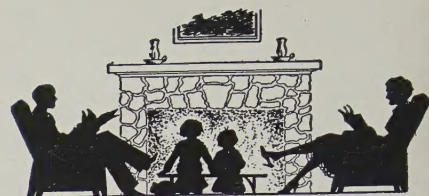
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Fireside Chat . . .

It is to you, Mother, that *Hearthstone* pays tribute this month. You will find a special Mother's Day note in many of the articles and several devoted entirely to honoring you.

Meet the Slifers of Woodbury, New Jersey, devoted Christian people who really live abundantly. You'll catch some of their humor, see some of their church work, and sense their love for one another in Lawrence Fitzgerald's article on page 2.

Just look at the things to do this month! Enough to keep the whole family busy. There are designs and directions for picnic dishes (page 31), the "how to" of parlor magic (page 34), and simple ingredients for window paint that will keep youngsters quiet for hours (page 35). But, Mother, you mustn't peek on page 36. It's a surprise your children will want to make for you.

Gardening time is here again. Did you ever think of it as a family project? With good psychology applied in promoting it, gardening can become a satisfying, life-long hobby for your children. A few good pointers on it are given on page 37.

Cuddle Bear is back! Yes, Parents, you can enjoy introducing Cuddle to your children. We hope they enjoy him as much as you did as a child. His story is on page 26. There are two other stories for children as well.

OUR COVER PICTURE

"Oooh, look!" Judy exclaims as Mother holds the hopping yellow chick for her to see. Mother's planning on raising the chicks for eggs to make sunshine cakes and for fried chicken on the family Sunday dinner table.



Hunton from Monkmeyer.

Unto Thy Children . . .

HEAR, O Israel: the LORD our God is one Lord: and thou shalt love the LORD thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might. And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be upon thy heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thy hand, and they shall be for frontlets between thine eyes. And thou shalt write them upon the door-posts of thy house, and upon thy gates.

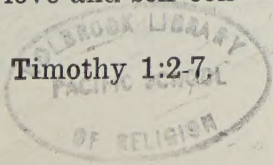
—Deuteronomy 6:4-9.

A Faith that Dwelt . . .

To Timothy, my beloved child:
Grace, mercy, and peace from God the Father and Christ Jesus our Lord.
I thank God whom I serve with a clear conscience, as did my fathers, when I remember you constantly in my prayers. As I remember your tears, I long night and day to see you, that I may be filled with joy. I am reminded of your sincere faith, a faith that dwelt first in your grandmother Lois and your mother Eunice and now, I am sure, dwells in you. Hence I remind you to rekindle the gift of God that is within you through the laying on of my hands; for God did not give us a spirit of timidity but a spirit of power and love and self-control.

—2 Timothy 1:2-7.

RNS



The Slifers

LIVE ABUNDANTLY



By
**Lawrence P.
Fitzgerald**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
JUDSON PIX

Meet the Slifers—Ken, Diane, David, Caryl, and Lucky

LIFE was not given us so that we might be religious, but religion was given us so that we might live." So says Dr. Edgar Park. That's the way the Slifers feel about it, too; and, at Fallen Larches in Woodbury, New Jersey, they are living out that philosophy. There church and home are united in enduring wedlock. Yet neither the home nor the church is thought of as an end in itself. They are not institutions to be served, but their rich possibilities are to be utilized for a greater abundance of that wonderful thing we call life. As a result, the four members of this family—no, five—Ken, Caryl, Diane (age 16), David (age 11), and the dog, Lucky (age 4)—really find this business of living an exciting thing.

If you're searching for a martyr's religion, a religion that gives you a long face, that makes you feel glum, that prompts you to search and search through dusty books to find out what's wrong with the world, don't visit the Slifers. They're optimists. They're one of the best examples you'll find to prove conclusively the statement that "families are fun."

Of course, you don't build congenial, happy, well-adjusted homes such as the Slifers have without a

lot of good background. A certain Bible teacher used to tell his class: "The best time to resist temptation is before you are ever born." Dan Poling tells of an experience which he had one night while baby-sitting with his children when they were small. To amuse them, he gave the family background, where Mrs. Poling was born, where he was born, where Dan, Jr., was born, and the rest of the children. Finally, one of the little ones spoke up: "Dad, isn't it wonderful how we all got together?" You feel that way about the Slifers. How could so many good people get together in one family!

TAKE a look at their background. Ken's dad taught a Sunday school class in the Central Baptist Church where Ken is now teacher. Like father; like son. Caryl's father was a minister, for several years the city secretary of the Baptist Union of Buffalo, New York. Her brother, Dr. Rolland Dutton, is now the minister of the outstanding Delmar Baptist Church, in St. Louis, Missouri.

Apparently religion was a vital factor in Ken's home and in Caryl's—a religion that said something

about all of life, and was not a pigeonhole affair that had to do only with how you spent your Sundays. To get an enlarged vision of the world and his responsibility to humanity, Ken made his way from Woodbury to Bucknell University. Caryl came from Buffalo, New York. That's where they met—in a Christian university.

Upon completion of his college career, Ken went to work for the N. W. Ayer & Son Advertising Agency. That was in 1926. He has worked his way up with the agency until now he is one of the vice-presidents—manager of the copy department, and in charge of artists, writers, and the like, with about one hundred employees under his direct supervision. The man who established his company, N. Wayland Ayer, was one-time president of the Northern Baptist Convention. And to illustrate the character of the company, let us point out that N. W. Ayer & Son never take any accounts where it is necessary to advertise liquor.

These facts Ken points to with justifiable pride. He believes his company has been established upon Christian principles. In 1924 "our firm introduced Canada Dry Ginger Ale into this country and made it the number one ginger ale. Then in 1932, when Canada Dry decided to go into the hard liquor business, Mr. Fry, our president, said, 'Sorry, gentlemen, but we part company.' Yet in the long run we didn't lose, for some people saw that here was a company that was willing to put principle ahead of profit."

THOUGH his responsibility for Ayer is heavy, Ken has time for the church—a lot of time—and for community responsibilities. He teaches "The Chain Gang," a class of young men (and older) which he has had since they were ten-year-old juniors.

Caryl teaches the Tri Sigma class in the church auditorium. Diane is an assistant teacher in the Kindergarten Department, and is in charge of the nursery during the church hour. David is a prominent member of a junior class and sings in the junior choir.

Ken also was for several years chairman of the Board of Trustees; chairman of the Board of Deacons; and Sunday school superintendent. He still is chairman of the new building committee.

Ken makes time for community work outside of his own church. Currently, he is preparing a booklet on the camping program of the county Boy Scouts. He is chairman of the Bucknell Alumni Fund and is preparing a booklet to solicit funds for his Alma Mater. He is past president of his college fraternity and president of the Bucknell Religious Life Associates.

Caryl is busy, too—very busy. For four years now she has been a member of the National Board of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society and is chairman of the committee on missionary work. She is also a member of the Baptist state board of New Jersey.

The Director of Education and Evangelism for the New Jersey Baptist Convention, J. Norman Martin, pays this tribute to the Slifers. "There is a choice



9:30 a.m. and the Slifers leave Fallen Larches for Sunday school at the Central Baptist Church.



"A larch is a tree. Our house has three. The fourth went down the last of March's—So we call it: 'Fallen Larches'!"



Ken Slifer teaches "The Chain Gang," a men's class. One of the pictures on the spread back of him shows Ken's dad teaching a class.



Occasionally David calls on his mother for help in the preparation of his Sunday school lessons.



The four Slifers are lovers and champions of tennis.



Diane cuts out pictures in preparation for the Sunday morning sessions of the Kindergarten Department.

family. Mrs. Slifer has been very active in our state women's work for a number of years and now is taking her place in the national program Mr. Slifer has taken a very active part in his local church, serving as church school superintendent, planning area training conferences, and giving excellent personal direction to the whole program."

THE next generation is coming along in the same fashion. The Apostle Paul, you know, wrote to young Timothy about "the unfeigned faith which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois, thy mother Eunice, and I am persuaded dwells in thee also." Three generations of faith! We have these generations of faith also in the Slifer family. Diane, a lovely girl, is a senior in high school; editor of the school year book; an A student; and plays first singles on the high school tennis team, in addition to her church work. For the past three years, she has been one of three hundred high school students chosen to sing in the New Jersey All-State Chorus.

Her great love is children, and she plans to spend next year in Nigeria with missionary friends. Ken and Caryl have sanctioned Diane's plans for they think she would be a little young for college.

David likes his class in Sunday school and he's fond of the junior choir. His paper route gives him money to spend and enables him to help his church.

Every Slifer is a distinct individual—that's the way it is understood in the Slifer home—but at the same time the individuals are closely knit so that there is a strong family unity. You are not there long before you feel the ease with which the members of the family move about, the lack of tension, the gracious good will and respect of each for the other.

ALTHOUGH the reading of the Bible has an important place in the Slifer family life, they are not too concerned about formal religion. More important to them is love, good will, courtesy, concern for others. Of course, Ken and Caryl spend time at home in the preparation for the conduct of their Sunday morning sessions. Gratitude is expressed at meals, and sometimes Caryl helps David with his Junior Graded lessons. Diane spends some time every week cutting out her pictures and preparing her story for the Kindergarten Department.

The spirit of the Slifer home is such that others find it fun to visit them. Once a month Ken's "Chain Gang" meets with him. Tennis club members are frequent visitors. The four Slifers are lovers and champions of tennis. The basement of the home has been transformed into a very attractive game room where there is a ping-pong table as well as many other games. Adjoining the game room is Ken's shop with his up-to-date equipment for making things. Many of the games he has made himself, and they're well done.

When asked what his views were about religion, Ken said, "Religion is something to be lived, not merely preached. I think it means helping others during the week, helping them find jobs, putting worthy young people through college, helping young people with their boy-and-girl problems. God has helped me to help a number of young people who wanted to go to college."

Diane added, "And don't forget about the Ukrainian family." The Slifers have offered their home as shelter for a DP family; it will be one of the 1200 families taken care of by Northern Baptists. "Where

(Continued on page 45.)

TOGETHER

—That's your password for greater friendship with your young people. The formula is called "doing things together."

By W. Elbert Starn

OUR parents are so old by the time we get them that it is almost impossible to do anything with them." So reads an essay by a teen-ager on the subject "Parents."

Undoubtedly children find their parents to be real problems. For some strange reason, when sons and daughters reach high school, Mom and Dad become even more difficult to deal with than they had been earlier. Unmanageable as parents grow to be, few fellows and girls find it possible to dispense with them altogether. Without parents how could there be money, clothes, homes, and food? How to make the best of such a situation is the question.

In certain families, children and parents have as little to do with each other as possible. When Dad comes home, he has his own time planned—the newspaper, his magazines, his club meetings and friends, his special hobbies that are his and his alone. After the day's work, Mother would like to have a little time to herself on the evenings she doesn't have to sew, or attend PTA or lodge or church meetings. When the teen-agers in the family don't have to stick to homework, they always plan to do something with the gang.

What fun such families miss is known only by those who have learned to enjoy each other. They, too, have things that take them away from home, but they have done enough things together to realize that some of the best times are spent at home with sons and daughters who are old enough to think and plan and talk and have fun on a level with those oldsters known as parents. It is not that they have any more time to spend together than other groups. It is just that they have a greater de-

sire to spend time together. Time together can be arranged by any family that wants it. "Where there's a will . . ."

The reason some parents get along well with their teen-age children while others seem constantly to have unsolved problems is that congenial parents and youngsters have had enough good times together so that hard times do not seem so hard. If a family can laugh together often enough, disagreements never seem so disagreeable.

How true this is in the church family. Some Disciple and Northern Baptist ministers were meeting to talk over the things they have in common. In spite of the words to the effect that we really are one in thinking, it was evident that we were not quite sure we believed that. When the speeches and discussions were over, we went to the dining room, and as we ate together, impromptu remarks were made concerning the bright ties worn by several ministers of both groups. The responses from the wearers and the laughter which ensued resulted in the feeling of oneness which we had talked about before but did not feel until we shared wholesome, lighthearted fun together.

It is the same with parents and teen-agers: if they can laugh and play together, they feel so close to each other that even serious disagreements can be satisfactorily solved. It is a sense of companionship which parents and their children of high school age need but seldom realize. No wonder fellows and girls think their parents are awful when the only experiences

which they have together are conversations ending in discord.

NO ONE can tell just what will do the job in another's home, but here are some things which have been done by some teen-agers with their parents, which have helped them to know they have a lot in common.

One family we know spends an occasional holiday going to a lake where they eat and sleep in the open along the lakeshore and enjoy getting next to nature and to each other. What family of boys would not think their parents great people if they should plan such an outing?

During a recent national church convention, Mom and Dad not only consented to let their college freshman daughter take two days off from school so she could spend the weekend at the convention, but Mother let herself be talked into going along. There is a question whether the daughter's greatest enthusiasm was over the experience of the convention or the pride she had in introducing her mother to the many youthful delegates she had met at conference, state meetings, nation-wide gatherings and the like. It was the daughter who had been around in this case and felt swell about letting Mom get first hand the joyous experience of knowing the enthusiastic youth her daughter had met through high school years.

Work (boring as it seems to some), when *shared*, is the means of bringing parents and their high



Pinney from Monkmeier.

If parents and teen-agers can laugh and play together, they feel so close to each other that even serious disagreements can be satisfactorily solved.

school youngsters together. There is good fellowship in work done together. If a Dad will really let his son in on the planning of some real project, they will grow together as the project grows. It may be a fireplace grill in the backyard, the raising of some stock, the production of the highest-yielding wheat in the district, the refinishing of some old furniture, working on the family car, or any one of a number of other projects.

Mothers and daughters will also come to know and appreciate one another better by cooperating in the 4H Club project where the mother can advise with her daughter. Fixing up a room or a corner of the house to suit the taste of a teen-age daughter may cement relationships as LePage's never could.

DO THE kids go to see the high school games? Parents who can develop an interest in athletics, if

their high school youngsters are devotees of any sports, find this a means of getting on a level footing with their children. They have something in common to talk about—something which both have experienced first hand. Should their sons or daughters be on the school team, what a kinship springs up between parent and child as they talk over the game from beginning to end, play-by-play.

Simple as it may be, there is nothing which can be substituted for doing things together—hiking through the woods, fishing, trips to spots of beauty, centers of historical interest, places of recreation, or just agreeing to spend an evening together at home for games or work. Doing things together results in a wider interest by all in the individual activities of various family members.

When son or daughter throws a party at home, what do parents do to make it a success? Some retreat

to a far corner of the house and leave everything but the refreshments to the young people to handle. Amazing as it may seem, some parents have been urged by their offspring to be on hand, though in the background, so they can come up, when needed, with a game here and a suggestion there to keep the evening moving. Do the other kids resent a party with the entertainer's parents there? It would hardly seem so since one of the guests later said to his mother, "I want you to help me plan a party where we will have as much fun as we did at Jean's."

What satisfaction there was in watching the group in the evenings at a family camp, where, after the small ones were put to bed, the parents spent the rest of the evening with the junior and senior high young people in discussions based on movies, film strips, dramatizations and the like. How they enjoyed the night of recreation which they had just had with their parents! These things cement family relationships.

The church and school, as well as the home, can play a part in helping parents and teen-age boys and girls enjoy things together. One church during Family Week invited the parents of Intermediates and Seniors to attend the meeting. Through the film strip, "Is Your Home Fun?" through the worship, and through the recreation and refreshments, these young people helped their parents to appreciate some of the things which these groups were doing in the church.

In one public school an eighth-grade group follows the plan each year of holding an evening of folk games from early American and European sources. In school these teen-agers learned the games. On the appointed evening, when the parents come to the school, each game is demonstrated by the students, and then the parents are invited as partners of the eighth graders to participate in the fun and fellowship which grows out of this type of recreation.

The best way to grow fine young people is to know them. The best way to know them is to work and play together.

The Mother Spirit

By Thomas Curtis Clark

THERE has been a tendency in recent years to make less of the sentimental adoration of "Mother," and to stress the importance of the home. Mother's Day has been "practicalized." This change is somewhat to the good, but it is still true that there is in the idea of mother an appealing sentiment which must not be forgotten. After all, Whistler did say something in his "Mother" painting that is dear to the heart of humanity.

The importance of the mother in the making of the home, and thus in the making of civilization, has long been stressed. St. Augustine, who was redeemed from a life of sensualism by the prayers and efforts of a spiritual mother, looked out upon the dark world of his time, and said: "Give us other mothers and I will give you another world." John Ruskin put it this way: "The history of a nation is not a history of its wars, but the history of its households." There is something startling in that story of Woodrow Wilson. Addressing a body of alumni of Princeton University, he said: "Some of you write and ask us why we don't make more of your boys. I will tell you the main reason—because they are your boys."

IN SPITE of the untoward conditions of divorce and child neglect that have fastened themselves upon our modern life, still the mother is a hallowed figure, and is to be revered and adored. Still that great saying of Abraham Lincoln has point: "All that I am and all that I hope to be I owe to my angel mother." There is still the "mother spirit."

Cyrus Dallin was one of America's most worthy sculptors. He was reared in the far west in a pioneer cabin. His mother had the

hardy spirit, and the strong faith, of a pioneer. She overlooked the hardships that were hers as she brought up her family. She knew little else but heavy work and continuous responsibility. Many years after these difficult days, her son Cyrus had become an outstanding artist. Finally from his home in Boston came the word to her to come east to aid in the unveiling of his latest triumph in sculpture, which he called "The Pioneer Mother." The statue stands in front of the State House in Boston—a mother leading a child with one hand and carrying a Bible in the other. After the unveiling, the artist told his mother that he had used her as his model. She looked at the statue closely, then said:

"Cyrus, my son, I do not know whether or not it looks as I do, but I know that it feels like I feel." Dallin the artist had caught his mother's spirit. There, in that piece of stone, her very soul shone forth.

YES, there is a mother spirit, and that spirit needs to be placed where it once belonged—in the shrine of home. Only thus can the home return to its rightful place in our civilization. Only thus can the modern monsters of materialism and sensualism be banished from our midst. There is a text in the Song of Solomon which reads, "Behold King Solomon with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him." It is not only King Solomon who wears such a crown. Each of us wears a crown placed upon our heads by our mother. That crown is the emblem of righteousness and purity and reverence.

There is a challenge today, as never before, to the mothers of the world. An idealistic and spiritualized motherhood will lift the sights of our homes, our religion, our civilization.

Mother

O Mother of our tender years,
When life was simple as a song,
For our unknowing you were wise,
For us, so weak, your arms were strong.
You taught us our first words to lisp,
You led us in the paths of youth,
From you we learned life's varied ways,
You trained our minds to know the truth.

O Mother of our years of toil,
You still were counselor and friend;
No task was ours that was not yours,
So shall it be unto the end.
You taught us patience in the strife,
You gave us hope when days were dim,
And when we stumbled, it was you
Who put us on our feet again.

O Mother of the years to come—
A saint, a shrine, a memory—
What greater prize could our hearts wish
Than this: still in your thoughts to be!
The years that yet await our steps
Will know your spirit's bright acclaim;
You still shall walk and talk with us
As oft we pause to speak your name.

—THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

Recent research discloses startling discoveries about the physical needs of older people. They say you can live much longer—if . . .

MR. AND Mrs. America, who like to eat what they want when they please, have begun to see the handwriting on the wall. The warning has been posted by medical authorities, and it reads something like this: "If you want to live to a ripe old age, watch your diet as you turn 40. People who eat whatever suits their fancy in middle age are shortening their lives."

This is not idle talk. Geriatrics—that branch of medicine which studies the special problems of older persons—has collected plenty of evidence to convince skeptics that diet is most important to good health in the sunset of life.

It's ironic to think that Americans aren't living as long as they might—ironic because today's adults already can anticipate living a full decade longer than the folks back in 1930. Thanks to medical science, average life expectancy in the U. S. is now in the neighborhood of 70 years. About 50 million Americans are 40 years old and up. More than 9 million are 65 and over, and in another thirty years there should easily be 22 million in this group. On the surface, all would appear to be rosy.

Yet doctors have come around to the view that the present average life span isn't as long as it

should be. Given no complicating factors, they say, the average healthy American should live into his 80's in full good health—if he would consult his doctor during the critical age period between 40 and 60 and watch his diet! Doctors think, too, that there are entirely too many of our older citizens suffering from the so-called diseases of old age—primarily because they didn't pay attention to their diets as they approached middle age.

THE FACTS of life are simple enough. As we turn 40, we begin slowing down, like it or not. As we age, our organs, cells and tissues change. What's more, we don't age evenly. We age in parts. And aging is a highly individual, highly unpredictable thing. Mr. Jones across the street doesn't age in quite the same way as his neighbor, Mr. Smith. At 45, say, Jones may have a young stomach and old kidneys. At the same age, Smith may have an old stomach and young kidneys. Both Jones and Smith, if they're smart, can go great guns for another twenty-five years. That is, they can if they consult their doctor, follow his advice, and eat the right foods to correspond with their constitutions.

There's no need for them to look for a "geriatrician," either. There are only a handful of physicians in the country who limit

their practice to the problems of the aged exclusively. General practitioners, who have been established for years, and specialists in internal medicine are well qualified to minister to the special needs of older persons. The day of "Doctor Doakes, Geriatrician" is just beginning to dawn.

Where do you come in? You're 42. You've lost your appetite and at night you're glad to feel the pillow under your head. You don't know what's the matter, but you're a little bit worried. Take a tip from Messrs. Jones and Smith—see your doctor. Your doctor can't perform miracles, of course. He can't guarantee that everybody will live to be as old as Methuselah. But he can examine *you*. He can check the age of *your* heart, liver, kidneys, stomach, cells and tissues. He can get *your* complete history. Then he can prescribe the right kinds of food for *you*. And you'll live longer, as a result.

This method of individual diagnosis and specially prescribed diets is a vital part of applied "Geriatrics," a strange word to most Americans until the last few years. It might have stood for anything from a new type of prefab home to some kind of fancy bike. But the findings of medical science have finally begun to trickle through to the public. Americans naturally want to know how they can keep healthy. They're getting geriatrics conscious.

INTEREST in geriatrics has recently reached a new high. The public has been made aware of some sobering statistics, which show that the over-all health picture of people 40-and-up isn't what it should be. For example, doctors claim that almost three out of ten people in their sixties are dangerously overweight, and that one out of four 65-and-over is anemic. Even more important, some three out of four people in their 60's don't have the minimum required amounts of calcium, iron, vitamins or proteins—and these are absolutely essential to general body health in late years.

The public has also learned that important research now being con-

Adding Years to Life

ducted by leading food manufacturers is expected to lead to new special products for the aged. In fact, the first product developed specifically to meet the needs of older people is already on the market. The product is "Gerilac," a powdered milkbase formula high in vitamins, minerals and proteins, but low in calories. It has just been approved by the American Medical Association's Council on Foods and Nutrition. It was introduced, after considerable laboratory and clinical research, by the Borden Company.

Articles in recent issues of *Reader's Digest* and *Nation's Business* are largely responsible for the present wildfire public interest in geriatrics and special foods for the elderly. On the heels of these published stories, the following events unfolded:

Inquiries about geriatrics poured into the offices of family doctors and county medical societies. At the headquarters of *Geriatrics*, a special medical journal published for doctors interested in the new field, requests for guidance were astonishing. They came from plain citizens, doctors, ministers, students, study groups, social organizations and insurance agencies. At last report, they were still coming in, though the flood had subsided.

At about the same time, the Prescription Products Division of the Borden Company reported a sharp rise in inquiries about "Gerilac," the special food for the aged. Sales of the product in March and April increased fivefold over corresponding months in 1948. And this in spite of the fact that Gerilac was sold by druggists usually on physicians' recommendation, without much publicity. Somewhat surprised by the turn of events, Borden officials began calling the product more forcefully to doctors' attention through ethical advertisements in medical journals. The company also prepared a special Gerilac recipe booklet, and is distributing it free of charge to people writing in.

Gerilac, like geriatrics, is cause for much speculation. "What's this food called Gerilac?" people want to know. "What will it do



One's diet needs to change with one's age. Junior's food needs aren't the same as Grandfather's, doctors point out. Yet thousands of Americans 40 and over have yet to learn that unwise eating habits carried into later years can shorten their lives.

for me? . . . How am I supposed to take it? . . . Will it really add years to my life? . . . Do you guarantee it will work?"

Borden officials have been quick to explain that Gerilac is definitely not the answer to perpetual life. It's merely *one* answer to the complex problem of health in the later years of life. As a product, they say, it is a "first." In time, the wizardry of American food manufacturers will bring out a variety of special foods for the aged that can be bought at the neighborhood food store, like baby foods.

Gerilac is a spray-dried mixture of whole milk, skim milk, and dried brewer's yeast, fortified with vitamins. Dissolved in water, it makes a very palatable beverage. Two eight-ounce glasses of it taken daily provide all the vitamins and minerals in recommended quantities plus the highly essential milk protein. It can also be used in a wide variety of tasty dishes.

Dr. Joseph L. DeCourcy, of Cincinnati, has independently put Gerilac to the test as a dietary supplement for the aged. Writing in *Geriatrics*, he describes his experience with it in 38 medical cases, ranging in age from 50 to 86. Later, in *American Journal of Surgery*, he reports using it in 66

surgical cases, ranging in age from 15 to 86, with a majority 40 and over.

Gerilac proved itself to the doctor's satisfaction. Among his observations from the first experiment, he noted "gain in strength, increased appetite and gain in weight (except for patients put on a reducing diet), increased red cell count and a tendency in the white blood cell picture to return to normal." In the second test, he found that "the clinical course was gratifyingly smooth and convalescence was comparatively rapid." Patients receiving Gerilac before operation "showed gains in appetite, weight and strength, experiencing at the same time a sense of improved well being." Gerilac administered after operation "aided in reducing the patient's discomfort."

Which would seem to be an auspicious beginning for the first special geriatric food in medical history recognized by the American Medical Association. The sequel to this story is yet to be written. It will be written by the American food industry in the not-too-distant future. How soon will that be? Mr. and Mrs. America can help set the date—by keeping up with the progress of geriatrics and taking its warning to heart.

Small Shoulders

By Helen J. Reichenbach

NOW, what kind of a getup is that!" demanded Will Gates stopping his lawn mower to gaze after his thirteen-year-old daughter, Lois, pedaling airily down the street on her bicycle, bright mane and shirttail floating out behind her. It was the shirt that had caught his eye and sent smoldering resentment flaring. What would these children of his think up next? The question had become quite routine of late, so badly had they been getting on his nerves. He turned irritably to his wife watering the flower boxes on the porch.

"Wasn't that my shirt she had on?" he scowled.

Now, one look at Ellie Gates would tell you that she was exactly what she looked to be, the overindulgent mother whose children could take her very life and get away with it. Even in this touchy moment she was determined to smooth things over.

"Now, Will," she began soothingly, as he came up the steps to drop wearily onto the porch swing. "Don't get so excited, dear." Her voice held the soft persuasion that could work wonders with her family. "After all, you've seen that getup, as you call it, dozens of times. Yes, you have. It's only an old shirt and pedal pushers."

"Pedal what!"

"Pedal pushers," Ellie explained, the while she helped a length of ivy into a more comfortable position. "That's the pants. They're really very practical, Will," she assured her puzzled husband. "All the girls—"

At the latter remark, Will's eyes grew flintier than ever. "I don't give a hang what other girls do!" he snorted. "I still don't like to see my daughter running around looking like a hobo!" He glared around for a moment, then added with no small bitterness, "Why doesn't she wear some of the dresses we just bought her? The ones she just simply had to have whether we could afford them or not."

Ellie winced a little at his harshness. Poor Will. He did look so disgruntled, so weary. Quickly she strove to assure him that things were not so bad.

"She'll wear them, dear, don't worry. But for running around—"

Will shook his head. He, too, looked exactly what he was, the father disgusted with his spoiled, extravagant family. He pulled out his handkerchief and mopped his face moist from both his labor and anxiety.

"I don't get it," he grumbled. "Clothes, clothes, clothes! What do kids nowadays think their parents are—millionaires? Money for something all the time, yet when you see them, they look like a dock gang—or movie actors! Pedal pushers, bah!" he added with a little snort. "I s'pose the next thing I can expect to see is Jimmy in skirts."

AS THOUGH his twelve-year-old had overheard the remark, Jimmy came suddenly from around the corner of the house—but not in skirts. Although this was a pleasant little Ohio village in which they lived, Jimmy was dressed for

the great open spaces of the West. From the tip of his several galloping sombreros to his high-heeled boots he was every inch a cowboy.

"Bang! Bang!" he cried with uplifted toy pistols. Then he slipped them nonchalantly into enormous holsters and came striding up the steps, spurs jingling.

"Dad," he began, and because he failed to note the storm signal on his father's face, he spoke with brisk sureness. "Dad, just think I can get that motor from Chuck's father for only twenty-five bucks. Isn't that a break! We pay five bucks down, and—" Suddenly the stoniness of his father's eyes reached him, "Why, what's the matter, Dad?" he asked innocently.

Oh dear, thought Ellie, why did Jimmy have to show up just then. But above all, why had she foolishly yielded to the child's coaxings the other day and bought him this new cowboy outfit he in no way needed since he already had one. Oh, dear!

"Jimmy," she said quickly. "Don't bother dad with that now."

"But I must know!" cried Jimmy imperiously. "I have to let Chuck's father know. He—"

"Well, that'll be easy." Will's laugh was short. "There'll be no money for no such nonsense, I assure you!"

Jimmy's temper flared up like an umbrella in a sudden wind. He struck a belligerent pose. "Well!" he cried with haughty shrillness. "I've got five bucks of my own in my bank! I'll—"

Occasionally, when driven to do so, Ellie could show a firmness that amazed her family. Now, as she laid a quick steadying hand upon the angry boy's arm, he was convinced that she was in earnest.

"That'll do, Jimmy," she said firmly. Then she added in a mild tone. "Look, dear, there's a piece of shortcake in the icebox for you. Go and get it."

Reluctantly, and still eyeing his father sourly, Jimmy went into the house. From the kitchen, presently, came the sounds of his wrath—the banging of the icebox door, the smack of a plate on the enamel table top, the jingle of his spurs as he straddled a chair.



Ever so carefully she disengaged one hand to put a warning finger to her lips. "Shh," she whispered, "Daddy is asleep."

ILLUSTRATED
BY PAUL A. GROUT

Will sighed. He turned to Ellie bustling about with forced cheerfulness. "Don't you ever get fed up with it all?" he asked, his eyes beseeching her for understanding. "I mean—" he threw out his hands. "I mean of the way our children take us and everything else, for granted. What's wrong with kids nowadays, anyway?" he asked frowning. "They have no hearts for us, no gratitude, no idea what we go through to give them what we do." He mused for a moment, then added. "Maybe it's our fault. Sometimes I think it is. Couldn't it be better for all of us—" here Will unwittingly stumbled very close to a great truth, "wouldn't it be better if parents shared more with their children, even let them in on the

budget—put their shoulders to the wheel—"

"But oh, such small shoulders, Will," Ellie objected softly. "Oh, I wouldn't approve of that, dear. They're too young to be worried so much."

"Well, I didn't mean to the extent that you do," Will rebuked her. "I meant—well, just the right amount of responsibility to open their eyes, one might say—" he floundered tiredly.

ELLIE went on snipping off dead leaves. Oh dear, Will could get so technical at times, but then she understood. Ever since a year ago when polio had stalked through the state and had stopped long to lay iron fingers upon the little leg of Wendy, their seven-year-old,

Will had been overwrought this way. Poor dear, he had been frantic over the plight of their "baby," as well as the snowstorm of bills that came with her illness. Oh dear, if she could only *do* something—

"Dear," she said, seating herself beside him. "I wish you'd go to Dr. Jared and get something for your nerves. You've been working too hard. I'm sure he could help you."

Will shook his head, but he patted the hand she had laid anxiously upon his arm. "No," he said, "I don't need medicine. I'm okay. But look, Honey, if we could just keep the bills down a little—just till we get more paid on that hospital one that looks like a mountain to me—"

"Will!" gasped Ellie, "surely you're not holding that against poor little Wendy—"

Of course not, he wanted to shout, but just then Wendy, herself, appeared in the screen door, the cute little pigtailed apple of her father's eye.

ONE must *never* notice the brace on Wendy's leg, or be other than bright and gay with her. These were Ellie's orders. But curiously enough, the little girl had small need for such camouflage since she seemed to possess an abundance of God-given grace of her own. Ellie marveled at it again at this time as she watched Wendy climb into her father's lap. She noted Will's beaming smile. Everything here was all right once more, she knew, and so she stole away to things that needed to be done in the house. There Lois found her later, when she came plunging in from her ride.

"Mom!" she hissed almost at once. "Did you tell Dad about me going to camp?"

Ellie's fingers fluttered worriedly to her hair. "Oh dear," she fretted. "I do wish there was *some* way of getting out of that. No, I haven't told your father. He won't like it a bit, I can tell you."

"But, Mother!" Lois' eyes were round with something akin to kitten-like horror. "That camping trip is a *must*! All the kids—why, I'd simply be a nobody if I couldn't go! It's a *must*, I tell you—an absolute *must*!"

Ellie sighed. "But it's so expensive—"

"But the other kids' parents manage. I don't see—"

"Never mind, now," Ellie cut in. "We'll see. Set the table now, will you?" For a moment there was silence, then she added. "I s'pose I could go without a new coat another winter."

Lois' cheeks did redden a little at that. Last winter mother had done this very same thing about one thing or another. Oh, heck, why wasn't there more money in this old world—

Ellie had dreaded Will's reaction to the proposed camping trip, but she'd had no idea it would be so *terrific*, as Lois would put it, as it

was. Why, she and Will had actually had a quarrel, and she had cried, and at least he had sighed in that way that almost *killed* her, and he said, "Okay, have it your way. I s'pose we can manage it somehow—"

"Well, can I help it that I'm a softy with my children?" she argued with herself helplessly and perhaps a little guiltily, too. "After all, I want the best for them. I guess it would take an earthquake to change me," she summed up her failings at last.

BUT it was not an earthquake that brought Ellie and her family to their senses. It was a phone call that sent Ellie dashing frantically to the hospital. Will had been brought in, severely burned in an explosion at the chemical plant.

The week that followed was one none of them would ever forget, a week filled with cold fear and dread. They sat huddled together, waiting, waiting.

Only one thing stood out about that week like a star in a black sky, and that was the way Ellie and her children were drawn and bound together. There were queer little broken confessions, and big fine resolutions and long talks, until at last, a peace came to them that would have indeed been a comfort to Will on his near deathbed.

But at last the reward came—Will was going to recover. Soon he would be able to see his children. Plans were made that bordered on pure ecstasy.

Dad—Dad—Dad—

"Being the oldest," mumbled Lois around a mouthful of bobby pins, the while she briskly wound pin curls all over her pretty head for the occasion, "being the oldest, I shall visit Daddy by myself. May I, Mother?"

"Perhaps that would be wise," conceded Ellie, as she laid out clean clothes for Jimmy. "That way we won't tire him."

"Well, I'm going alone, too," Jimmy declared. "I've got something to talk over with Dad—"

"But when will I go?" cried Wendy, who had been spared much of the week by spending it on Grandpa's farm. "Ain't I going, Mummy?" she beseeched Ellie.

"Of course, dear," Ellie assured her. "You and I'll go last."

WALKING to the hospital, Lois pictured her visit. She saw herself walking calmly into her father's room, efficient, dignified and befits a young lady on such a mission. Quietly, and without a bit of fuss, she would tell him her plans, how she had given up her camping trip, how she was "standing by."

But when she stood in the doorway and saw her father, pitiful, almost grotesque in his bandages, with great clumsy arms woodenly extended, she all but fainted. When his weary eyes turned to hers from the openings made in the helmet-like arrangement on his head, she forgot all about the dignity business, and was just the very thing he needed most—his little girl.

Forgotten was her speech. All she could falter out was one single word, amid the bright tears that gushed from her sweet eyes.

"Daddy—Daddy!"

His clumsy hand came slowly forward and rested upon her hair. "Don't cry so, Pettie. It's not as bad as it looks. I'm all right." But his voice still held the utter weariness that seemed to come from his very soul.

"But—but—oh, Daddy, how you must have suffered. Oh, Daddy, I've—I've been so selfish—so selfish—"

It seemed to Will he could scarcely bear the sweetness of her penitence, and later, when her brave little resolutions came stumbling from her lips, he was almost inclined to say with Ellie-like gentleness, "No, dear, you won't have to give up the camping trip. We'll manage somehow—" But something held back the moment's weakening, and he threw off the unwholesome thought.

"I'm going to accept that, Lois," he told her gently. "And don't ever think it doesn't make me feel good knowing your shoulders are at the wheel, right beside my own. It's going to be wonderful to be home, my girl—"

Will was still filled with the glow of Lois' visit when Jimmy slipped suddenly into the room. He, too,

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Parents!

Sponsor a Department in the Church School

By Esther Mundhenke

THE CONVERSATION grew more and more heated. Mrs. Jones had been listening with little interest but gradually an idea seemed to come to her. She asked, "But do you really know what is going on in your child's church school class? Have you visited?"

Mrs. Rhodes answered, "No, I have my own class to attend but I find Johnny does not know anything about the Bible, and I think he is wasting his time at Sunday school."

Mrs. Jones spoke thoughtfully again, "It seems to me we ought to know more about what our children are doing in the church school. I wonder how we could find out?"

Mrs. Wright, the minister's wife, spoke up, "I am so glad to be in on at least part of this conversation, as I attended the church school teachers' meeting last week and the discussion centered almost entirely on how teachers could interest parents in what they were doing. They said one hour a week is such a short time to really teach children Christian principles, they needed the help of parents."

Mrs. Rhodes remarked again, "Well, if I thought I could really help, maybe I could sacrifice attending my class sometimes."

Mrs. Wright answered, "I am glad to hear you say that, Mrs. Rhodes, but maybe you would not need to miss your class. Perhaps we could arrange a meeting of parents with the teachers some afternoon. You could then ask

questions and learn what they are trying to teach our children."

"That sounds like a fine idea," said Mrs. Campbell. "I will be glad to help get the mothers together. When do you think we could plan such a meeting? I think we should arrange for the refreshments as our teachers give so much of their time."

So a group of mothers met at the church one afternoon, to meet the teachers of their children. Over a cup of coffee they asked questions and listened to the teachers describe the type of lessons the children were having in the various classes. They also were interested to learn of some of the teachers' problems and were eager to know if they could help.

One mother asked if a party for the children could be arranged at the church. Miss Brown, one of the Primary teachers, said she used to have parties and projects for the children on Saturday but her home duties now made it impossible to give more than that needed in preparation for Sunday morning. Of course, if she had help, maybe she could manage it. The mothers assured her they would be pleased to help. So a series of parties was planned for the classes of different ages to be held at the church.

Gradually, the teachers began asking for more help from parents, not only to help with parties but in calling on absentees, filling in as a substitute teacher and assisting in care of equipment. Thus evolved a type of parent sponsorship that has become a vital part of the whole church program.

Each department or class including the youth groups have parent sponsors. Couples are usually asked to be co-sponsors as both father and mother are needed.

SPONSORS may be chosen in a number of ways. For instance, a few weeks before the yearly promotion a committee consisting of representative parents from the family life committee and the superintendent or head teacher of each department could meet with the church school superintendent or director of Christian education to make a prospective list of parents from which to select the home room sponsors. Some qualifications looked for in a sponsor are, interest in the program of the church, willingness to help, time to help when needed, ability to work with other people, and a genuine desire to create a truly Christian home. Every parent will not have all these desirable characteristics but they will be the points to be considered in selection. Often parents who have not been interested in other activities of the church will feel a challenge in this work.

The committee does not usually make the final contact with the individual parents as it seems more personal for the department superintendent or individual class teacher to ask her own sponsors to help in the program. A feeling of personal obligation for the activities of the department where they will work is thus established. The teacher tries to choose her sponsors from the suggested list. The parents are asked to serve as sponsor for one year. This policy has

(Continued on page 44.)

When church camping time comes for your children, by
all means . . .

Send Them

By Rodney M. Britten

SLEEK, modern automobiles turned in past the camp sign and came noiselessly to a stop. All day long young people piled out to greet old friends or to face some new experience. Most parents of campers could not define just what it was that they wanted from camp. Some sought increased skill in swimming or new friends. A few dared to hope for better personality adjustment, but most of them would be content with just having fun.

Present-day church camping is more than a camping place in the outdoors, campers and counselors, swimming, Bible study and worship. It is more than the stars overhead and the smell of bacon frying over a campfire. Church camping is an adventure in Christian living. Here are combined all the essential elements for a real experience in Christian living. Campers who are learning the real pleasures of simple group living, counselors who have discovered the essential Christian nature of the camp community, nature, whose every signpost points the way to God. And then there is God. God who is big enough to create the stars that shine at night and friendly enough to include each camper's needs in his divine will. In every exciting moment of the day God may be seen. Each camper greets the day with continuing gratitude for his mercies as he seeks a quiet place for morning watch. Campers and counselors discover anew the effective presence of God in human life as they work, study, worship, and play together.

Parents may expect more from church camping than outdoor cooking and increased skills in swimming. There is the increased sense of responsibility which comes from living in a community where everyone shares in most of the ac-

tivities which make the community possible. Parents may see in the camper a new sense of independence which comes from the discovery of new resources within—resources which must be released in order to live in this new Christian community. For a Christian community demands the best a camper has. There comes an increased understanding of adults who are there, not to tell the campers how to live, but to share effectively in an experience of Christian living. Here is a new adult who makes sense to a young person and points the way to a new fellowship between youth and adult.

AN AWARENESS of God becomes a continuing and effective part of all of life. The camper will have learned that one does not worship God one way in the morning and disregard him at play in the afternoon. Camp life is all of one piece. Here is an opportunity for Christian living at its best.

The church camp will have provided a better understanding of the camper's responsibility to the local church for it is part of the total program of the local church. The camper's commitment to Christ will be defined in terms which can be both understood and practiced. In a civilization which consists of pushing a button or stepping on an accelerator the camper will learn that there are inner resources within himself which can make life more meaningful. He will not need a constant parade of gadgets through his life to make it interesting and purposeful.

Church camping has been carefully planned to meet the differing needs of all age groups. An in-

creasing number of camps are now providing a camping experience for junior boys and girls. The largest number of campers, however, still continue to be of junior high and senior high age.

AS THE NEEDS of the campers vary, so does the type of camping provided by the church. For junior and junior high campers the element of personal enrichment is stressed and opportunity is given to discover the advantages of Christian living in this newly-found Christian community. The relationship between campers and trained, mature counselors is stressed, and a maximum use of outdoor experiences makes camping both exciting and instructive. For senior high young people the program majors in leadership training. Here new experiences are provided which encourage the young people to assume an increased degree of leadership. Campers plan the details of the daily program, they take leadership in the camp council, recreation, camp worship, and the evening programs. An effective program of training makes possible a new understanding of the elements involved in personal Christian living and encourages a commitment to a more effective churchmanship.

A parent is wise in preparing the camper for this new experience. Send the camper to this new experience with a sense of adventure. Avoid the common mistake of stressing all those imagined misdeemeanors in which your child may become involved while in camp. Make the camping experience positive and help the camper discover some of the new things he may learn in camp. An understanding of what happens in camp and some-

thing about the relationship of camper and counselor is far more important than the admonition to "be good."

Parents should know that the average camper while under trained counselors in camp displays a sense of judgment and resourcefulness seldom seen in his home community. Parents should hesitate to try to extend their parental authority into camp by way of remote control regulations.

Guide the camper in the selection of simple comfortable clothes. Flashy, unusual clothes will be out of place. Most campers want to be dressed in clothes just like all the other campers. The publicity of your camp will tell you whether clothing for rain or extremely cool evenings is necessary. Most camps have at least one time when they dress up. This does not mean formal clothes but most campers like to dress in their Sunday best when they go to the Sunday morning service or to the banquet held in most camps.

CAMPING is not an endurance contest. The weight of the suitcase or the amount of fancy sports equipment does not make the camper. Most camps will have the equipment necessary for the activities peculiar to camping. Send the camper's Bible along. It will help him understand the essential religious nature of the camp. About half of the campers will have their cameras. Send plenty of film. Camping is a great fellowship and most campers like to make a record of their accomplishments and take pictures of their new-found friends.

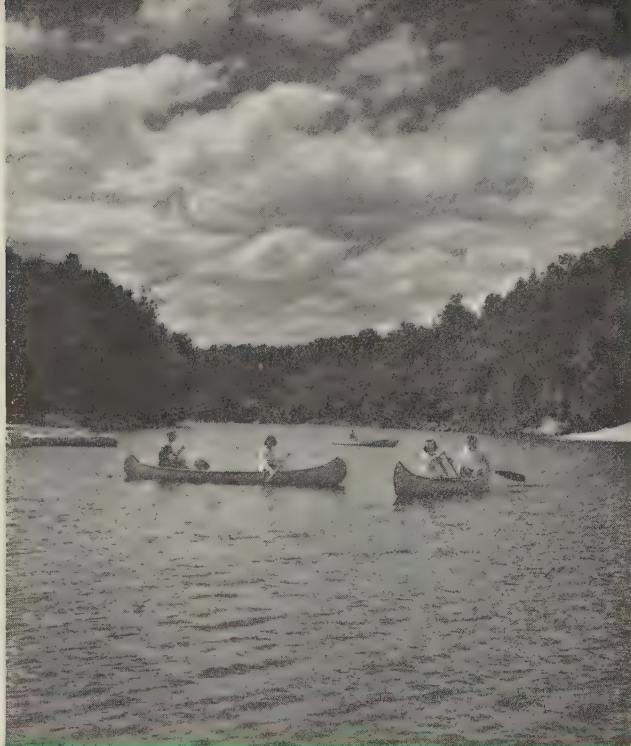
The health of your child is as important to the camp as to yourself. Most camps now require a physical examination to be certain that the camper is capable of sharing in all of the experiences of camp without injury to himself or others. Insist that the camp where you send your child safeguards its campers with a pre-camp physical examination.

The camper will need money. Learn what the needs are. Motor boating, horseback riding, crafts, and some instruction books usually cost money. Most camps give the camper guidance in spending

money but an excessive amount of money only encourages the camper to frequent the snackery to the detriment of his health and other camp activities.

Parents should remember their children in tangible ways while they are in camp. Send film for the camera, some additional piece of clothing, and, of course, frequent letters. It is an unfortunate experience when a camper goes through the week listening to mail call without a single word from home. Encourage members of the family to write. Invite your pastor to send a card. Give the camper's mailing address to some of his friends.

WHEN the camper has returned home and the stories of wonderful happenings have been told, remember that something big has happened to him. A new world has been discovered. New friends have been found outside the small family circle. He has learned that he can live acceptably while independent of his family. Encourage him in this new-found independence. Give him a chance to continue to use these new resources which have been found.



A. Devoney, Inc.

Besides gaining new skills and friendships, campers gain a sense of independence from the discovery of new resources within—resources which must be released in order to live in this new Christian Community, the church camp.

The counselor may wish to share with you some outstanding accomplishment he has shared with the camper. Some new interest may have developed or some new decision may have been made which you as a parent should know. Do not encourage the counselor to give a conduct report on your child. Camping is bigger than that. The growth your child has made with Christian leaders sometimes has to be experienced in the home rather than measured in a report.

You will be safe in assuming one thing. That is, that your child will be different because of the camping experience. Share in this bigger experience with the camper. It may mean a new family altar to continue the camp morning-watch experience. It may mean a more intelligent adjustment to the problems of living together as a family. It may mean more effectively relating yourself and your family to the life of your church. You have paid your money. Your child has spent his time. Your church has made possible the camping experience. Now reap the benefits of money, time, and opportunity. Make this summer's camping experience count for Christ.

The story of an only child. Her parents lived and breathed for her—so much so they discovered that she was all but . . .

Smothered

By Nita Getman

BEATRICE SHAW went to the bay window in the dining room and pulled back the white ruffled curtain so she could see the sidewalk clearly. Still no sign of Sue. She heard her husband's footsteps and quickly dropped the curtain, smoothing it back into place. She knew he was worried and she must hide her own anxiety. Sue should have been home forty-five minutes ago.

"I got the principal's office, Bea," George said without looking at his wife. "They said they would check with her teacher to see if she had started for home, and call me right back." Then he sat on the window seat, adjusted his glasses, and lifted the evening paper.

Bea bit her lower lip, showing her nervousness, but she said, "Oh, I'm really not worried, dear. She might have stayed to help the teacher, or something like that. Or maybe there was a meeting of some kind, or almost anything. It's just that I thought we might have an early supper and take her over to your sister's. She likes to go over there and play with the children."

"Yeah, she'd like that," said George.

The telephone rang and George jumped up a little too quickly for one not anxiously awaiting a call. He went into the living room, shutting the door gently behind him. Bea pondered why he closed it. Perhaps he was afraid something was seriously wrong and he didn't want her to hear it the hard way, over the phone. He'd tell her himself.

Bea busied herself, mechanically straightening the plates and silver on the table that really didn't need straightening. Her heart was pounding.

And then she heard George's voice rising. He was angry. Ter-

ribly angry! Instinctively Bea wondered if he actually had reason for anger or if he was only losing his temper again. She heard the receiver bang down and braced herself.

"That crazy outfit," said George, stamping into the room. "Know what they've done? That Miss Miller, that fourth grade teacher of Sue's, is keeping her after school."

"After school? What on earth for?"

"She missed a word in spelling and has to write it five hundred times! If that isn't something! Had us both scared to death."

"I can't understand it. She always makes a hundred in spelling. And last night she spelled all her words correctly for me."

"That isn't the point, Bea. Nobody's going to keep a kid of mine after school!"

"George, George. Sit down a minute and calm yourself. Let's think this thing over."

"There's nothing to think over. I'm going down there right now and when I come back, Sue will be with me. I'll teach that Miss Miller!"

"Wait, George," but it was too late. He had already taken his hat from the hall table, and gone out the door.

Bea sat down on the nearest chair, George's chair at the head of the table. She slouched because Sue was not around. When she was, Bea tried to sit up straight so her daughter would follow her example. Bea began to finger the knife that lay beside her husband's plate and prepared to wait. She wished George would not jump to

conclusions. Of course, it made her angry, too, that Sue had been kept after school. She couldn't understand it. Miss Miller had told her at P. T. A. that Sue was one of the brightest in the class.

Bea could picture Sue now at her little desk, her eyes full of tears, writing with an aching hand the five hundred words. She began to feel glad George had gone for their daughter. She almost wished she had gone along.

No one could say the two of them did not love and cherish their only child. They devoted their entire lives to her. Sometimes Bea felt maybe they loved her a little too much, but it was so easy to pamper her. It was just that lately she felt sometimes Sue would prefer a little less affection.

Especially last Saturday Bea felt something was wrong between her and her daughter. She and Sue had gone to the grocer's and ran into Mrs. Bauer, a former neighbor, and her young daughter who was Sue's age. Bea put her arm around Sue's shoulders and introduced her, "And this is my baby," she said. Bea expected "her baby" to smile and move closer to her mother, but instead she stiffened under her touch. Bea had not yet forgotten the sensation it gave her, as though her daughter were suddenly slipping away. Now, more than ever, she wanted to smother her little girl in her arms and keep her there forever.

IN THE fourth grade room at Gossmer Grade School nine children still sat at their desks. One was Sue Shaw. She was sitting in the third seat in the fifth row and she was writing the word 'community' five hundred times. She sat straight in her seat, her blond hair falling to her shoulders. Her sparkling blue eyes were on her writing. But there were no tears in them as her mother had thought there would be. In fact, to all appearances, she did not even dislike what she was doing, except that every now and then she would lay down her pencil and wiggle her fingers. Then again, "456, community; 457, community."

Sue was dressed neatly in "good" clothes, as her mother called them; in fact, in better clothes than almost any child in the room. Her plaid wool skirt lay in smoothly pressed pleats and her sweater was cashmere. Not that her father, an insurance salesman, was the richest father a girl could have. Sue looked up at Miss Miller grading papers at her desk. She always admired her teacher's bright suits and red hair, and wished her mother stood as tall and straight as Miss Miller. But for some reason, Sue liked her even more today. She could not have told you herself why, but a wave of affection went over her every time she raised her eyes to Miss Miller.

Then Sue saw Mr. Davis, the principal, step inside and motion to Miss Miller. She went out with him. They stood in the hall talking to someone, a man. It was her father, and she could hear them arguing about something. Miss Miller came back into the room shortly and walked to Sue's desk.

"Sue, you may go home now. Your father is waiting for you."

Sue wanted to go right through the floor because all the kids were looking at her. And just when she was beginning to feel like one of them!

"But I'm not finished, Miss Miller."

"I will take what you have. Now run on."

She hoped it was only her imagination but she thought Miss Miller felt sorry for her.

She put her name neatly on the

paper, and without looking at anyone, hurried to the door.

"Daddy, I can't go home yet. I haven't finished."

"Finished or not finished, young lady, you're coming home. Nobody can keep a daughter of mine after school."

BEA was putting supper on the table when they got home. She fixed macaroni and cheese because it was Sue's favorite dish and she knew her child would be upset. But Sue hardly touched it. She just sat at her place, eyes down and quiet.

Between huge gulps George explained in minute detail how he had told Miss Miller and Mr. Davis what he thought of their school system.

A Mother's Prayer

Lord, speak to me that I may know

The path in which my feet should go.

Midst clamoring voices let me be Always in contact with Thee.

When irritations prick me sore May I turn to Thee for more Strength and poise to carry through—

To do the things I ought to do.

For there are those who lean on me—

My loved ones, in my family.

For their sakes, Lord, O let me know

The way in which our lives should grow.

—VIRGIE EVANS ROGERS

"And I told that Miss Miller that if Sue missed a spelling word it was nobody's fault but hers. Sue's bright enough to learn anything under a good teacher."

"Dear, let's not talk about it anymore. I think you're upsetting Sue," said Bea, as she bit her lip and watched her daughter nibble delicately at her food.

"I'm sorry," said George. "Let's forget it, and enjoy our supper. We're going to take you to your aunt's tonight, Sue," he said, trying to make amends.

"Would you like that, baby?" Bea said, pushing back a graying lock from her forehead.

"Yes, Mama, if you and Daddy want to go."

"But we're going especially for you, dear."

Sue did not say a word, and when the chocolate pie was brought in, she only took a few bites of it. Bea saw that there were tears in her eyes.

"Sue, honey," said George, "What's the matter?"

"Nothing, Daddy."

"Now come, Sue, tell Mama and Daddy what's wrong," encouraged Bea.

"Nothing, only—well—I wish you hadn't come for me, Daddy!"

"Hadn't come for you?" George asked as his fork clattered to his plate. "Why? Tell me why!"

"Well, I was the only one in the room who had never stayed after school before, and I . . ." She began to sob aloud.

"Sue," said Bea, "You didn't miss that word on purpose?"

"No, Mama, I didn't. But when I missed it, I was glad, really glad." Tears were streaming down her face now, and she was unconsciously wiping them away with her napkin. While her parents watched, not knowing what to do, she slid down from her chair, and ran into her own room.

Bea started to go and comfort her, but stopped. She was beginning to understand. What if she did not believe keeping a child after school was the best way to improve her spelling? Some day Sue would have to learn to stand on her own feet. No better time than now.

Bea remained at the table, expecting George to get up and go to his daughter. Any other time he would have, but tonight he sat and stared at what remained of his chocolate pie. Finally he looked up at his wife and she saw in his eyes that he was beginning to understand, too.

Later when the sobs in Sue's bedroom ceased, she would take her husband by the arm and the two of them would try together to apologize.

Christians recognize that there is definitely a place for . . .

Music in the Home

By Dorothy Buttler



Eva Luoma.

Children will take pride in a good family record collection. Playing the records gives Sonny a sense of contributing to the family's pleasure.

"Had a mule and her name was Sal,
Fifteen miles on the Eerie Canal."

DONNIE woke up Monday morning to the sound of his mother's singing as she prepared the family breakfast. It made him feel good to hear her sounding happy. He bounded out of bed and arrived in the kitchen just in time to join in the chorus,

"Low bridge, everybody down,
Low bridge, for we're coming to a town."

"Hi, Mommy, sing 'Jimmy Crack Corn,' " he begged after they had completed "Eerie Canal."

"All right, Donnie, bring your clothes in here to the kitchen and we'll sing while you dress."

Donnie, who usually had too many intriguing play ideas to be interested in routine dressing, went happily to get his clothes. He loved singing. Like many three-year-olds, he sang on pitch only part of the time and usually mixed up the words. He came in strong on the choruses,

"Jimmy crack corn and I don't care,"

and

"Oh, Susanna!

Oh, don't you cry for me."

After breakfast Donnie was feeling very energetic. He made a game shouting and turning somersaults on the rug. His mother, incidentally, was vacuuming at the moment.

"Donnie, how about taking your Indian drums out in the backyard? You can put on your feathers and be a real Indian," Mommy said persuasively. This struck Donnie as a good idea. He pulled on his Indian bonnet, feathers slightly askew, and stalked out to the yard. His tom-toms made loud satisfying sounds. Don started playing as loud as any Indian had ever thought of doing. Gradually though, he began experimenting making various rhythms, listening carefully to himself. Later, when his friend Jack came over, he added a couple of potlids which rang like cymbals when they were hit together. The two boys were filled

with exuberance at their creative attempts and worked for quite a while.

AFTER Donnie's nap his mother took him for a short walk. As they passed a large church in the neighborhood, Donnie suddenly stopped—listening. The organ was sounding forth the glorious, impressive Handel's *Largo*, and Donnie, like many others before him, caught the beauty of it.

"Would you like to see what makes the music?" his mother asked. Donnie's answer was to bound up the steps and walk timidly into the sanctuary. After he had finished playing, the kindly organist asked Donnie if he would like to look at the organ. Then followed twenty minutes of fascinated investigation for the delighted boy. He was allowed to touch, look and even "play" while the organist explained simply how the tones are made. Donnie was to remember this experience a long time.

Perhaps this story will give you an idea of the many ways in which music and rhythm may be introduced into a child's daily life. Parents, following a cue given by the child, may develop many meaningful musical experiences. It is well to remember that a youngster's energetic shouting and noise-making is partly an interest in sounds and can be guided to interest in music making. Very often the interest may be channelled into constructive beating on percussion instruments or singing or rhythmic motions. Everything, including sound, is new and fascinating to the young child. He *will* experiment with his voice. If you can help him, at times, use his voice musically, you will be developing a real interest in singing. He *will* make noise. If you can guide him to listen to his pounding at the piano or his beating on tin cans with a stick and pick out the "good" sounds, you are developing his sensitiveness to pitch and tonal differences.

He *will* be active, using his body in every conceivable way. If you show him that his movements are rhythmic (by singing or clapping in time to his jumping or gallop-



Eva Luoma.

Music appreciation among children develops when mothers and fathers enjoy music themselves. Then they will find singing to a child the natural thing to do.

ing) he begins to see the connection between rhythm and music. Your awareness of music will make your child more aware of it. Most important of all, he will begin to see that he can and does create.

A BASIC interest in and enjoyment of music are fundamental. Before learning to play any kind of instrument, singing in a chorus, or attending a concert, there fundamentals should be present. With the proper kind of encouragement from the parents, probably every child could develop a musical interest. It is a rare child indeed who, with a dearth of musical experiences, can be placed on a piano stool at the age of seven and gain meaning from his lessons. Naturally, a child is not a hopeless case if he has had no musical experiences until seven or even fourteen, but how much more pleasure he will have had if music has been a part of his background. How much more meaning music has if he can listen with discrimination to pitch, tone, and intensity, and

if he recognizes rhythm and sound as a part of life.

Whatever is true, whatever is honorable, whatever is just, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is gracious, if there is any excellence, if there is anything worthy of praise, think about these things. (Phil. 4: 8.)

If there need be any justification for spending time to help your child musically, Paul gives it to you. For music certainly may be said to number among the true, the lovely and the pure. Furthermore, musical activities are fun and when they are included in the good times of the parents and child, there is growth in the all-important family relationships.

HOW is this elusive thing called musical interest to be acquired? What can parents do? First and foremost, *enjoy music*. If you enjoy music, you will bring a great deal of it into the home. You will probably start a record collection. You will listen to musical programs over the radio. You will find it natural to buy songbooks for your

child and sit down with him to sing. Like Donnie's mother, you will understand and encourage his fumbling attempts to make music.

If you play an instrument, there is an excellent opportunity to give your child a background in the musical literature written for your instrument. You will naturally work and talk with other musicians. This interest of yours will make your child more interested.

Notice in the above story that Donnie's mother made no attempt to set aside a special time for music. Music was a part of the day. Because of her awareness, she took advantage of the opportunities which arose. Bear this in mind: music fitted to the child's everyday activities is more purposeful, more meaningful to the young child than music heard in any other way. Be sure that for the young child, musical activities are always on the level of play. Except for an unusually musical child, listening to a whole symphony, attending a two-hour concert, or an opera would be anything but fun. Forcing him to sit down so you can drum some music into him also brings rather poor results. An attitude of enjoyment on your part and an effort to make music fun is the surest way to develop a desirable attitude in your child.

Have a wide repertoire of songs of all kinds—nursery rhymes, lullabies, folk songs, singing games, songs of childhood activities and hymns. Do not limit songs to those the child can sing. It is best to acquaint him with a great variety of songs in all moods. A repertoire

is acquired gradually. Learn one or two songs a week. Sing them over while you are working around the house. Soon they will be part of you, ready to use when the occasion arises. Going for a walk, staying inside on a rainy day or before bedtime are good times for singing. In fact, any time you are in the mood is a good time.

Using instruments can be a lot of fun and one of the best ways for Junior and Susie to experiment with sound and rhythm. It is desirable to have many different sound-producing instruments. The average family can buy very few instruments. However, it is not necessary to spend a great deal. Instruments purchased should be good orchestral instruments, not toys. Tambourines, bells, tone blocks, drums, cymbals and tomtoms can be found at not-too-high prices. Fairly good substitutes for or additions to the collection can be made at home. For the baby, use potlids and bowls which ring when hit with a wooden spoon. When he reaches the age of discretion, say three and a half or four, he may be given thin, tall glasses tuned with water to the tones of the scale. These when hit with a small drumstick make a lovely, ringing tone.

Drums may be made of large, round, wooden cheese boxes, kegs, or salad bowls. Skins may be secured from instrument companies. Scraps are sometimes free; large skins may be purchased. The skins are tacked or laced while wet to the drum. Often a fine tone may be obtained and the drums

will give the child a great deal of pleasure. For large drums a tympani stick is suitable to beat with. Two sticks and two or three drums can be used at once as the child's ability develops. Several children can work out good rhythms together.

Rattles may be made by putting seeds, corn, gravel or any number of things in boxes of various sizes. Seal the opening for safety. The child may make his own rattle. If you have a number of instruments it is not usually advisable to have them all out at once. Too many things are confusing to the child and he does not fully explore the possibilities of each. Treat each piece with respect due a musical instrument. Have a place to keep it when not in use.

THE phonograph and radio allow a wide range of music to be heard. Many so-called "children's records" are appearing on the market. Some are fine, and they are improving all the time, but it is necessary to be most discriminating in choosing. There is much that is artificial, foolish, and unchildlike about them. Many albums have only one or two good numbers and money is wasted in buying the complete album. Some of the individual records of folk songs are fine. Classics and sacred music which are simple and melodious in theme are often better than the "children's records."

The piano is an instrument of many possibilities for the youngster. He can play a great range and variety of tones—very high, very low, soft, loud, crescendo, decrescendo, and all sorts of combinations, harmonious and otherwise. Encourage him to listen to what he plays and try new ideas. His experimentation and his creation are important! *Don't* take over and show him how it should be done. You might find Junior has some pretty good ideas too.

Just a word in regard to rhythmic movements. The rhythms of young children may not look particularly conventional. However, on their own level of development, they may engage in these with a good deal of satisfaction. Al-

(Continued on page 45.)



Sink Sonnettes

By Frances Brown

Moving Van

A moving van, it seems so brash,
austere,
The day it takes a fine old neighbor dear;
And then reveals a radiant, rosy face,
To leave a nice, new friend to fill
her place.



Melba's New Home— *or* House?

By
Ella Mae Charlton

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY TIMMINS

She lowered her voice, but Melba could still hear. "Mom's so particular. We can have gobs more fun at Marie's than here."

MELBA rubbed the dustcloth gently over the satinlike finish of the cherry highboy. Then she looked about the room. There was no dust, there was no disorder, everything was perfect. That was the way she would keep it, always.

She smiled to herself, thinking of what old Mrs. Matson would say if she could see this house. Mrs. Matson used to chuckle in her odd way and then say, "Give me a house where there's plenty of livin' even if it's one where you can throw a cat through the cracks." The expression had become a familiar saying with the family. Of course there'd be plenty of living in this house but there wouldn't be cracks to throw the cat through.

"Mom," Tommy's nine-year voice came from the hall "door,

"would it be all right if I ask Red and Sam to come in on the screen porch to play?"

"Oh, Tommy, don't put your hands on the door facing like that. No telling how dirty they are and mother's trying so hard to keep everything clean and nice."

Melba came over and looked at the delicate pink of the door facing where Tommy's small hand had been. "Now, what is it you want?" Impatience edged her voice.

"It's so hot outside, Mom, I want Red and Sam to come on the screen porch and play with me."

"I've just finished mopping and waxing that floor. Please don't ask to play there. If you get your mind on your playing you won't notice the heat."

"Aw, a guy can't do nothin' around this house."

"Can't do 'anything' is correct, Tommy."

"It's all the same, whichever it is," Tommy went grumpily down the hall and out the side door.

A LITTLE prick of conscience stirring in Melba's mind was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone. She answered, then called her fifteen-year-old daughter from the front bedroom. "It's for you, Sue," she said as she brushed an imaginary fleck of dust from the telephone stand.

While she polished the already shining furniture in the living room she could hear her daugh-

ter's voice from the hallway. "But, Del," Sue was saying, "we can have gobs more fun if we go to Marie's house. You know how it is," she lowered her voice but Melba could still hear, "Mom's so particular about everything and there's not any fun in that."

Melba stopped her dusting; her heart seemed to stop, too. She always told herself that one reason for wanting a nice home was so her children might enjoy it. Anxiously she moved toward the phone. "Sue," she called, "tell Del to wait a minute, I want to talk to you."

The doorbell interrupted and Melba answered it. "A special for you, Mrs. Cross," the messenger said, handing her a letter.

"For me? Who in the world could be sending me a special?" She tore the envelope open and started reading.

"Excuse me, Mom, but Del is waiting. What did you want?"

Melba read aloud, "I know you'll be surprised when I tell you that I'm coming to see you. I'll be there on the four-thirty Tuesday afternoon." Hastily Melba glanced at the signature—Sylvia—of all people! Sylvia was coming to see them.

"Mom, did you want me for something? Del's still waiting."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Honey, but I guess I didn't want anything after all. This letter—we're going to have company. You probably don't remember my cousin Sylvia. It's been years since we've seen her but she's coming to see us."

Sue turned and went back to the telephone. If she was puzzled over her mother's behavior she didn't mention it.

MELBA gave hurried, vigorous strokes to the remaining furniture in the living room. Tomorrow at four-thirty! There was so much to be done. The house would have to be spotless, all the silver must be polished and, of course, there would be extra cooking. How would she ever be able to do it all? She'd get Sue and Tommy to help but there was so much they couldn't do.

It would not matter that things were not perfect if it was anybody

but Sylvia. Sylvia, the fastidious and exacting cousin, who had never had any children and who had been able to hire help to keep everything in order, always. Sylvia Cannon, the critical cousin.

"Well," Melba decided, "There won't be a chance for any of her criticism here, not if I have to work all night." She sat down in the nearest chair. She'd take five minutes off to systematize the work; then it wouldn't be so hard—Sue and Tommy could do the silver while she—

A NOISE like a glass breaking, a shrill "Oh" that sounded like Tommy's voice from the back bedroom, followed by an unnatural silence, brought Melba quickly to her feet.

She hurried down the hall to her son's bedroom. She stopped in the doorway in horrified amazement at the sight which met her eyes. In the middle of the gleaming hardwood floor an ink bottle lay broken, its jagged edges protruding above the fast spreading black liquid. Three small boys looked up at her with frightened eyes.

Melba was near hysteria, "Tommy, Tommy, how could you do such a thing, such a terrible thing!"

"We didn't mean to do it, Mom. Honest we didn't. We needed some ink and I went in Sue's room and got it and it slipped right out of my hand."

"This is the worst thing I've ever seen. Run and get the ammonia—no—no, that'll ruin the floor—get the white gasoline and floor wax and tell Sue to bring some warm water and a rag."

In no time Tommy rushed back into the room with his hands loaded. Quickly Melba was down on her knees cleaning the ink from the floor.

"I'm sure sorry, Mom, but it could 'a been worse."

"I'd like to know how," Melba's words were edged with anger.

"If I'd spilled it on that pink rug in Sue's room, that would of been a lot worse."

"This is bad enough, Tommy, and you're going to be punished. The three of you get out of this room right now—go on outside un-

til I've finished this cleaning, then, Sam, you and Red go right on home and, Tommy, you'll stay in this room until time for lunch."

"But, Mom," Tommy started a feeble protest.

"Not a word out of you," Melba said firmly.

The three boys went silently out of the room. Melba heard Sam's voice from the hall, "Tommy, your mother must not feel good, she didn't used to be so cranky all the time."

"Maybe she is sick," Tommy said, "seems like something bad is wrong with her."

"She may have hyperactivity like my mom had. I couldn't do anything to please her then."

Melba remembered when Mrs. Davis had gone to the hospital with hyperacidity. Red's misuse of the word almost brought a smile to her lips; then she remembered all the work ahead of her and the smile faded to a frown.

When she had finished and the floor was again clean and shining Melba called Tommy in from the yard.

"You may read if you like," she said, "but you're not to come out of this room until I call you." She closed the door quickly trying not to think of the hurt expression in Tommy's blue eyes.

MELBA went to the back porch for a clean dustcloth. Two men were working on the telephone line that ran by the side of her house. As she hung the soiled cloth on the line she heard one of them say, "You know what she did when I went to the door? She met me with a bunch of newspapers in her hand and I'll be doggoned if she didn't spread papers all the way from the telephone to the door for me to walk on."

The other man laughed. "Next time her phone gets out of fix you better take your shoes off when you ring the bell."

"There won't be a next time as far as I'm concerned," the first man said, "when she calls I'll let somebody else take the job."

How dare they talk about me like that? Melba hurried back to the kitchen. Nobody wants their house all tracked up—she caught

herself—why they were not talking about her at all. Her telephone hadn't been repaired. The words "a guilty conscience needs no accuser," came to her mind. She brushed the thought aside and began washing the already spotless soft green woodwork.

The hands on the kitchen clock pointed to twelve when Melba looked up. "Goodness," she cried half aloud, "lunch time and no lunch." Then she remembered Tommy, shut up in his room. What could he be doing, he hadn't made a sound. She went quickly down the hall and stopped for an instant outside the door.

When she opened the door and looked in Tommy was stretched on

the floor, his head resting on a small rug. Melba gasped at first sight of him; then she realized by his even breathing that he was asleep. A piece of white paper and a pencil were nearby where they had fallen from his limp hand. Melba saw the words "Dear Bill" in Tommy's childish scrawl on the paper. She reached down and picked it up. Without thinking that she might be intruding on Tommy's secrets she read:

"Dear Bill,
"I am glad you wrote me and I wish I was at camp with you. I have not had any fun since we moved in this new house. It is the worst house you ever saw. A guy can't do nothing cause it might get

the old house dirty. I wish we had a house where we could throw a cat strate through the cracks. Write me, your pal, Tommy."

Melba smiled at first; then the tears began to fill her eyes. She looked from the paper in her hand to her sleeping son. What had she been doing to herself and her children? She'd always known that people were much more important than places. How could she have forgotten it? Sylvia or no Sylvia, new house or otherwise, she would remember it from now on. Maybe Red had hit the nail on the head after all when he said she might have hyperactivity. She smiled through her tears. Yes, that was it, hyperactivity.

Biblegram

By Hilda E. Allen

Directions for solving: Guess the words defined below and write each guessed word over the numbered dashes following the definition. Then transfer each letter of the guessed word to the same numbered white square in the pattern. The black squares indicate word endings. The filled pattern, reading from left to right, will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A. Christ's best-loved disciple: he was originally called Simon -----

74 104 63 96 19

B. Make small tremulous sounds, as a bird -----

13 118 9 14 45 17 53

C. Son of Adam and Eve, he was slain by his brother ---

119 86 95 65

D. What blackboard pencils are made of -----

61 94 49 35 109

E. Plants that grow by the side of streams; they grew where Pharaoh's daughter found the child Moses -----

102 11 101 77 120

F. Bring together, collect into one place -----

82 67 51 31 72 98

G. A handle, usually the hilt of a knife, or sword -----

100 113 50 78

H. Concealed, not known, put out of view -----

15 24 60 3 16 59

I. Lean, lanky -----

103 79 110 114

J. To utter sounds rapidly, as a monkey -----

41 33 1 20 32 12 29

K. To change the place or position of, to transfer -----

56 106 38 92 117

L. Son of Adam and Eve, he slew his brother -----

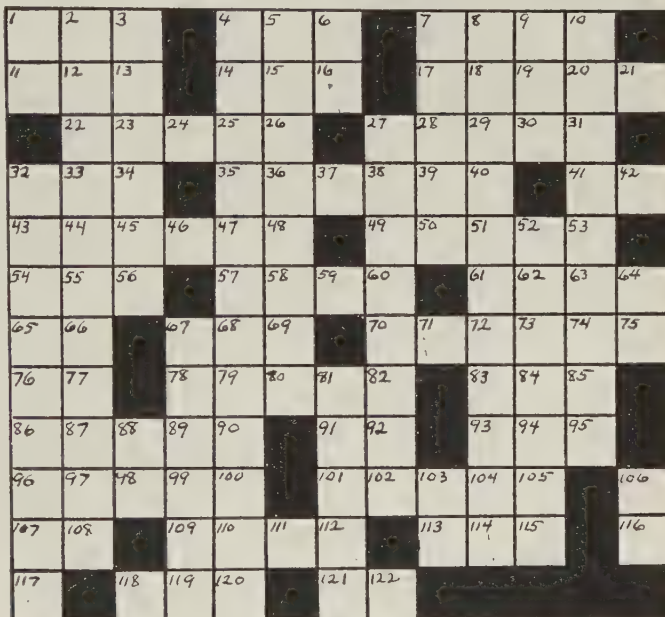
70 97 107 111

M. Long, sharp, pointed teeth

27 83 68 26 121

N. To separate into parts ---

6 36 37 55 10 48



O. The bill or nib of a bird --

22 87 62 57

P. Small stinging winged insect, allied to the mosquito.

40 84 88 99

Q. Noise accompanying lightning -----

30 21 46 2 69 34 23

R. Wasps which inflict severe stings -----

54 5 42 25 43 64 7

S. A series of railway carriages coupled together -----

90 47 44 75 39

T. Turf, sward -----

108 122 112

U. A ferocious cat, as the jaguar -----

93 116 4 73 105

V. A giver -----

85 91 81 28 71

W. Country in southern Asia, Mahatma Gandhi was one of its leaders -----

80 76 115 58 18

X. Quiet, repose, freedom from pain -----

52 8 89 66

(Solution on page 42.)

Worshiping Through Beauty

ARE YOU conscious of the beauty in the world? What beauty does for you, it likely will do for your child. If you are indifferent to it, if you pass it by without seeing it, most likely your child will too. Appreciation is not innate but must be cultivated if one is to enjoy the things with which he is surrounded. You may lead your child to see beauty, to enjoy it, to find meaning in it.

Being sensitive to and appreciative of beauty may be worship for your children. As you lead their thoughts to God, the source of beauty, quote appropriate Scripture and express your thoughts to God in a brief word of thanks or in a prayer-song, such an experience becomes religious.

The following verses may describe some of the beautiful things which you and your child may see, or they may express the way you feel about them. Use them spontaneously as situations arise which you enjoy with your children.

The heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament showeth his handiwork.
In them he hath set a tabernacle for the sun.
His going forth is from the ends of the heavens,
And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.
—Psalm 19:1, 4c, 6.

Frequently children who fear the dark may be helped to overcome their fear as they are directed to look up and see the beauty of the night skies.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
The moon and stars, which thou hast ordained;
What is man, that thou art mindful of him?
And the son of man, that thou visitest him?
—Psalm 8:3-4.

For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing; and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.
—Isaiah 55:12.

Bless the Lord, O my soul:
O Lord my God, thou art very great;
Thou art clothed with honor and majesty:
Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment;
Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain;
Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters;
Who maketh the clouds his chariot;
Who walketh upon the wings of the wind.
O LORD, how manifold are thy works!
In wisdom has thou made them all:
The earth is full of thy riches.
—Psalm 104:1-4, 24.

Consider the lilies, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin; yet I say unto you, Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

—Luke 12:27.



WORSHIP IN THE

with

A Prayer

Dear Father, we thank you for planning our beautiful world. May we help to keep it beautiful by keeping clean and neat our yard, our playground, our parks and our city. Help us to make our lives beautiful by doing things you would like us to do. Amen.

What Was It?

Once I heard a little tapping

On the window pane,

I listened, and I wondered, and

I heard it once again.

A little lithesome tapping as

From a fairy hand

Continued rattling just as

Soft as it began

It couldn't be a fairy?

But should I seek to see?

Or might it be a tiny bird

Dressed to call on me?

I drew aside the curtain, and—

I'll tell you what I saw:

No fairy there; no bird calling;

No one there at all.

What had made me stop to listen?

At last I understood,

A rosebud gently tapping to

Remind me God is good.

—JANET VAN BERGER COLLIER

Children



A Child's Prayer for Spring

Thank you, dear God, for this new green world,
For flowery meadows and soft winds blowing,
For hills and orchards and singing brooks,
For wide green fields where the grain is growing,

For beautiful things on every side—
Thank you for making the world so wide!

Praise to God for Things We See

Praise to God for things we see—
Growing grass, the waving tree,
Mother's face, the bright blue sky,
Birds and clouds floating by.
Praise to God for things we see.
Praise to God for seeing!

Praise to God for things we hear—
Voices of our comrades dear,
Merry bells and songs of birds,
Stories, tunes, and kindly words.
Praise to God for things we hear,
Praise to God for hearing!

—M. M. PENSTONE

The Stars

What do the stars do,
Up in the sky,
Higher than the wind can blow
Or the clouds can fly?

Each star in its own glory
Circles, circles still;
As it was lit to shine and set,
And do its Maker's will.

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

The Wonderful World

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,
World, you are beautifully dressed.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree—
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the top of the hills.

You friendly Earth, how far do you go,
With the wheat fields that nod and the rivers that
flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah! you are so great, and I am so small,
I hardly can think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers today,
My mother kissed me and said, quite gay,

"If the wonderful World is great to you,
And great to father and mother, too,
You are more than the Earth, though you are such a
dot!
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!"

—WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS

Thank You, God, for Beauty

(A Litany)

Thank you, God, for all the things
Of beauty that I see:
For daffodils which in the breeze
Sway and nod at me,
And Maytime snow which showers down
From every blossoming tree.

Thank you, thank you, God.

Thank you, God, for picture clouds
Which drift across the sky;
For grace and beauty in the flight
Of bird and butterfly;
And for the blending colors
Of the rainbow arching high.

Thank you, thank you, God.

Thank you, God, for twinkling stars
Which span the heavens by night,
And for the shadows which the moon
Makes by her silver light;
For beauty found in quietness
When darkness dims our sight.

Thank you, thank you, God.

—MABEL NIEDERMEYER McCaw

Cuddle Bear and the Pine Cones

By Anne M. Halladay

CUDDLE BEAR lay very still on his pine bough bed in the corner. He was listening to what Big Brown Bear Mama was saying to Big Brown Bear Papa. Big Brown Bear Mama was stirring the breakfast porridge above the fire.

"I stopped to see Grandpa Grizzly yesterday. He is getting old and stiff. It is even hard for him to lean over enough to pick up the pine cones in front of his cave. The ground is brown with them and they bother him when he walks about the clearing."

"Well," Big Brown Bear Papa looked up from the forest newspaper. "Perhaps Cuddle could run over now and then and pick them up for him."

Cuddle was a little brown bear. He lived in Piney Forest with Big Brown Bear Mama and Big Brown Bear Papa. Their home was a hole in the side of the hill. It had been left there many years before by some men who were digging for gold. All about the old mine, tall pine trees pointed into the sky. When it rained the air was sweet with pine scent. When the sun shone, the pine needles glistened and when small winds blew through them the pine trees sang to Cuddle Bear and Big Brown Bear Mama and Big Brown Bear Papa. So Piney Forest was a pleasant place indeed for any bear to have a home, even though it was only an old mine hole.

Cuddle Bear lay still as still now and pretended to sleep after Big Brown Bear Papa spoke about picking up the pine cones. But Cuddle Bear's thoughts were not still.

"I don't want to go over and pick up Grandpa Grizzly's pine cones," Cuddle Bear's thoughts were saying. "I was going down by the river and dig for sassafras roots." Cuddle Bear loved sassafras roots. Why were big bears always thinking up things for little bears to do?

Cuddle Bear waited on his pine bough bed until Big Brown Bear Papa had gone off into the forest.

He chattered fast and hard all during his breakfast to keep Big Brown Bear Mama from talking about the pine cones.

As soon as he could, Cuddle Bear was hurrying down the forest path to the river.

Pad, pad, pad, his feet went on the hard earth.

Once he stumbled and almost fell. When he turned to see what had tripped him, there lay a big pine cone in the path. He had stepped on it and it had rolled under his foot. That was probably why they

Here is the first story for a second generation of friends of Cuddle Bear.

The children who first knew "Cuddle Bear of Piney Forest" are grown now. If they were six when they made his acquaintance, they are now twenty-five. Some of them were older. Many of them now have homes and children of their own. So we asked Anne Halladay if she could remember anything about Cuddle Bear that she had not put in the book, and she said she could.

bothered Grandpa Grizzly, Cuddle Bear found himself thinking.

But Cuddle Bear did not let himself think too long about Grandpa Grizzly. It gave him a queer uneasy feeling inside. So he hurried on toward the river.

Then, besides, something else took his attention. On the upper side of the path there was a sound in the bushes. Cuddle Bear stopped. Something dark was moving there in the forest, something big. Cuddle Bear peeked through a hole in the bushes.

Grandpa Grizzly! Grandpa Grizzly on the upper path!

Cuddle Bear stood still as a stone in the path. If Grandpa Grizzly saw him, no doubt at all but that the old bear would ask him to go and pick up those pine cones.

So Cuddle Bear stepped behind a tree and waited until Grandpa Grizzly was out of sight and hearing. Whew! That had been a close call! Cuddle Bear sighed with relief.

But Grandpa Grizzly had not seen him and now with Grandpa not at home he, Cuddle, would not have to worry about those pine cones any more this day.

BUT CUDDLE BEAR was mistaken. For not long after he reached the sassafras clump on the river bank and was digging at the root of a large bush, Johnny Beaver called from the water.

"Hello, Cuddle Bear! I thought at first that you were Grandpa Grizzly. He told me that he was coming down today to dig sassafras roots."

The dirt and stones stopped flying out from beneath Cuddle Bear's paws.

"Grandpa Grizzly!" Cuddle Bear's voice rose into such a squeal that Johnny Beaver stuck his nose high above the water.

"Yes," he answered Cuddle Bear, "but Grandpa Grizzly won't hurt you."

"Oh, I'm not afraid of him," Cuddle Bear tried hard to act as though nothing was bothering him. But the minute Johnny Beaver dove under the water, Cuddle Bear made off into the forest. He sat down on a big stone at a bend in the path and grumbled to himself.

"Old bears are a nuisance, that's what they are. If I could have stayed there I would have that root by now."

The sun was warm on the big stone. A soft breeze rippled the thimble-berry leaves beside it. The dig-

ging had made Cuddle Bear tired. Now he grew sleepy. He curled up on the stone.

Just how long he slept Cuddle Bear did not know. But a touch on his head and a deep voice awakened him.

"Cuddle Bear! Cuddle Bear!"

Cuddle Bear rubbed his eyes. When he opened them they grew round as a turtle's egg. For there beside him, there patting his fuzzy head, there looking straight at him stood Grandpa Grizzly.

"Hello, Cuddle Bear!" Grandpa Grizzly smiled down at the little bear on the stone, "I am sorry to wake you up but I have been looking for you."

Cuddle Bear rubbed his eyes again. He wanted to groan but he managed to swallow hard instead.

"Yes, I know—" Cuddle Bear started. Of course he knew. Grandpa Grizzly wanted him to pick up those pine cones around his cave.

"Yes, I know. I—" Cuddle Bear went on.

But Grandpa Grizzly did not let him finish. And what Grandpa Grizzly said almost made Cuddle Bear fall off the big warm stone.

"I have some sassafras root for you," Grandpa Grizzly was saying. "I've been down by the river and I found a big bush with the roots all uncovered. Johnny Beaver said that you had started to dig there. Well—"

Grandpa Grizzly held out a big root for Cuddle Bear to take.

"Well, of course it was easy for me to finish your job and here is your share."

Cuddle Bear had to swallow hard again.

"Why—why, thank you, Grandpa Grizzly."

"You are welcome. And now that I have found you I will go home and take my nap," Grandpa Grizzly grinned and started off up the path.

Cuddle Bear nipped at the fresh sassafras with his sharp little teeth. Mmm! It was good! Then all in a minute Cuddle Bear slid from the rock.

"Wait, Grandpa Grizzly!" he called. "I'll go with you. I want to pick up the pine cones around your cave."

Grandpa Grizzly turned and stood still in the path. "What did you say?"

"I am going to pick up the pine cones around your cave. Big Brown Bear Mama says that they bother you."

It was Grandpa Grizzly's turn now to open his eyes until they were big and round.

"Why, so they do, Cuddle Bear. So they do." Grandpa Grizzly held out his paw. Cuddle Bear ran to take it and the two walked up the path.

"Why, Cuddle Bear, do you want to go to all that work for an old bear like me? I'm surprised."

"Yes, I do, Grandpa Grizzly," Cuddle Bear answered.

"Well, that makes me very pleased and happy," Grandpa Grizzly said as they padded through the bushes.

Cuddle Bear was pleased and happy, too. But perhaps the most surprising thing to Cuddle Bear was that now he really wanted, indeed, he could scarcely wait to pick up Grandpa Grizzly's pine cones.

Found: One Pup

A story about something every child dreams of.

By Doris Clore Demaree

THE BRAKES of the big car screeched as it slowed to a stop on the lonely back road. In the silence that followed, the car door swung quickly open and a man's long arms slung a sack into the ditch. The bundle fell with a soft plop as the car door slammed shut and the car moved swiftly down the road and out of sight.

Something inside the sack in the ditch moved and with the movements the sack rolled over and over farther down into the ditch. It was still for awhile and then the movements started all over again. Up and down went the sides of the sack. In time the end of the sack became unfolded and a little black nose peeped out. The nose was followed by one black ear and one white ear. Then climbed out the chubbiest black and white body of the tiniest puppy dog you can imagine.

The little dog wagged his tail as he looked about but there was no one there to see him. He turned his head to look up the side of the ditch. It was a long, long way to the top for a tiny pup but he began the scramble upwards. Up, up, up, he went. And then he tumbled all over himself and rolled downwards onto the sack from which he had started.

Quickly he scrambled again to his feet and once more began the climb. Up, up, up, up, up he went again, farther than before, but again he tumbled all over himself and rolled back downward onto the sack.

Three times the pup began to climb. Three times he rolled back downwards. In the distance a little old car rumbled toward him.

Once more the pup scrambled to his feet and began the climb upwards. This time he was more careful. He nosed his way slowly, up—up—up. The car came nearer and nearer. Up—up—up went the pup. At last he reached the top and scampered out on the smooth highway. The car was almost upon him.

In the car was eight-year-old John. "Oh, Mother, a little pup!" he cried. "May I have it?"

The car came to a stop and the mother and boy climbed out. John picked him up.

"See how tiny he is, Mother. Please, may I have him for my own?" he begged.

The mother looked at the tiny puppy. She saw the sack in the bottom of the ditch. She was sorry that someone who did not want the puppy had been so cruel as to throw him in the ditch.

"Poor little puppy dog," she said. "He must be hungry and cold. We will take him home and feed and warm him. If no one advertises for him, you may keep him for your own."

They climbed back into the car. John cuddled the pup in his arms and the tiny dog licked John's fingers because he was so happy.

When Grandmother Came to Stay

SOMETHING nice is going to happen," said Mother.

Martha and Betty stopped playing with their blocks. "What will it be?" asked Martha.

"When will it be?" asked Betty.

"Grandmother is coming to live in our town. She will live in the separate little apartment in our own house," said Mother.

"Oh! What fun!" said Betty. "We can help her unpack."

"What fun," echoed Martha. "We can visit her every day."

It was not long after that, when they all went down to the station to meet Grandmother who was coming on the train. They got there early, and waited for the train to come.

At last it came puffing and roaring into the station. Betty and Martha and Mother and Daddy saw Grandmother the moment she got down from the train. They kissed and hugged her. Everyone was very happy to see her.

Daddy carried her suitcases to the car. Betty held one hand and Martha the other. Mother carried the hat box.

"Where are the boxes and trunks, with your things," asked Martha.

"They are coming in a big truck, with my furniture," said Grandmother. "Would you like to help me unpack them when they come?"

"Oh, yes," said Martha and Betty together.

Grandmother stayed in the guest room for nearly a week. She was to stay there until after her furniture came and was unpacked. It seemed to Betty and Martha that it took the truck a long time to bring the furniture.

One morning they looked out of the window. A great big truck was drawing up to the curb. It was Grandmother's furniture.

How exciting it was to watch the men unload. They carried in a bed, and set it up in the little bedroom. They brought in the dresser and the chairs and the rugs. They put the kitchen stove and a shiny refrigerator into the wee kitchen. Grandmother had not brought any dining table, because there was no dining room. The little apartment had a big sitting room, though, and Grandmother planned to get a drop-leaf table to use for meals.

At last all the furniture was in.

"Now," said Grandmother, "let's unpack the treasures. You may both help me."

Grandmother put a heavy but small carton on the floor. It was strong tied with string.

"I can untie it," said Betty. She worked and worked and finally got the string off.

"I'll roll it up neatly," said Grandmother. "We always seem to need good string."

They opened the carton. There was soft shredded paper in it.

A story by Grace W. McGavran

"I'll lift it out," said Martha. She lifted out a little at a time, being very, very careful not to pull any of the treasures out with it.

Under the first layer of shredded paper, they found small bundles done up in tissue paper, lying securely in little nests of more shredded paper.

Grandmother handed one to Betty and one to Martha. "Unroll them carefully," she said.

"What is in them?" said Martha.

"You'll soon find out," smiled Grandmother.

Betty unrolled the paper carefully. Martha unrolled hers.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" they cried.

Betty had a delicate china figure in her hand. Martha had one in hers.

"Mine is a little Chinese lady," said Betty.

"And mine is a Chinese gentleman," said Martha.

"Look!" said Grandmother. She reached over and gently touched the heads of the two little figures.

The quaintly dressed, old-fashioned Chinese gentleman began to nod his head, slowly. He seemed to say, "Yes! Yes! Yes!"

The quaintly dressed, old-fashioned Chinese lady began to nod her head, very fast. She seemed to say, "Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!"

"Your grandfather brought them to me from China," said Grandmother smiling. "He went there on a trip when he was a very young man, before we were married. Chinese ladies and gentlemen do not dress like that now. But I have always loved these little figures."

Betty and Martha put the little figures on top of Grandmother's desk. They touched the heads gently. "Yes, yes, yes," the little figures seemed to say as they nodded gaily to each other.

"Have you any more treasures, Grandmother?" asked Betty.

"Lots," said Grandmother. "And you have both been so careful, that I am going to let you help me unpack every single one of them."

"But not until after lunch," said Mother, standing smiling in the door. She caught sight of the little figures.

"Oh!" she cried. "The little Chinese lady and gentleman!" She watched while Betty and Martha made them nod. "I'd forgotten about them. But what fun it was to make them nod their heads. I always thought they were the nicest treasure we had."

They took Grandmother into their own part of the house for lunch. Then they tucked her up on the guest room bed for a nap.

"Aren't you glad Grandmother came to stay in our house?" Betty asked Martha.

"Ever so glad," said Martha. "And I can hardly wait to unpack the rest of the treasures."

By

Frances McKinnon

Morton

The One Thing Needful

Anne's father was a hero—and so was her mother . . . in her own special way.

DON'T you just love God's out-of-doors?" eight-year-old Anne said, looking up at me with wide, companionable brown eyes. I knew it was more of a statement of belief in me than a direct question so I pressed her hand closer in mine and waited for her to go on talking. Her hand was soft and warm where it rested in my own but it was more than that, it was vital and alive with that peculiar force of spirit which marked her as a person in her own right, a person to be listened to as well as loved.

Nor did the words of her question sound stilted or affected, coming from her firm, well-established little mouth which spoke from a clean-featured, intelligent face, backed by a mental and spiritual poise that was certainly unusual in a child of her years. She definitely "had something." She was slender and dark, very simply and very becomingly dressed for school; and she spoke to me with the unself-conscious dignity of a congenial contemporary. I looked at her and loved her. I listened to her and wondered about her. I had been her teacher for a month, and had felt her alert personality from the first day I had seen her; but there was nothing of the "teacher's pet" about her, and she never asked for any special privileges. Indeed there was something so fair, so honest and so understanding about her that you felt she would refuse special privileges if you presumed to offer them to her. She gave and she accepted as an equal, gracious but neither ingratiating or condescending.

She always had good manners and it was very easy to see that she was and why she was the best-loved child in the room as well as the outstanding personality; yet she was not self-conscious or in any way spoiled by being such a favorite. I had wanted to go and visit her in her own home in order to see for myself the atmosphere in "which

her utterly charming personality grew; but because of an accident my mother had suffered I had not been able to do my own home-room visiting.

NOW SHE was well again and here I was on my way to Anne's out-of-doors party, and being escorted there by Anne herself. We passed dozens of very handsome homes with beautiful yards and grounds all landscaped and patterned to fit together and make this the choice, restricted residential district that it was. I found myself wondering into which one of these Anne would turn as her own home; and somehow I was feeling sure that hers would be even a little finer and more expensive than the rest. But no, we passed them all and came to the only small house for blocks around.

Her face lit up with joy as we turned into the little rustic gate, outlined and patterned with delicate vines in full and colorful bloom.

"Isn't it lovely?" she said, again stating a fact rather than asking a question. You could tell from the look on her face that her soul was fully satisfied with her own home, perhaps even touched with a little extra dash of pride. It was not offensive pride but what you might call a sort of living pride which she was glad to share with her friends.

And it was lovely. There was no

house and no setting among all the handsome ones we had passed, that stepped right into your ideals and dreams quite so completely as this one did. The house, a small but beautiful one built of native stone, seemed to nestle there contentedly among its sheltering trees; and every bit of planting that had been done around the place had been set there with an artist's eye, by an artist's hand. No wonder Anne loved it and was proud to share it.

And when I entered there was Anne's mother, charming and gracious like Anne herself. Cordiality and friendliness radiated from her presence, so that for the moment I saw nothing at all of the interior of the house for looking at Anne and her lovely mother. When I did look though I saw simplicity at its artistic best. Nothing was there for show, everything for comfort, and just enough of beauty to make the picture perfect.

WE HAD the party in what Anne had called "God's great big out-of-doors" for the backyard was a beautifully planned outdoor living room. There was even a small brushy thicket at one side which contained a feeding shelf and a bird bath to give the birds an ideal nesting place and shelter. The guests were the neighborhood boys and girls who were Anne's classmates in her room at school; and it was a lovely party with everybody happy and gay.

Even after I left the party I kept thinking about what an unusual home I had been in, and what a distinctive spiritual atmosphere it had, besides all of its natural beauty. Needless to say that when I made my "party call" as soon afterward as I could, I asked questions enough to get as much of the story as I needed to explain it. Indeed Anne's mother was so gracious and so dignified herself that I was tempted to believe that Anne was simply a reflection of her mother, but I found that the mother had a very clear and definite plan in the training of her small daughter.

This is the story she told me: "My husband and I bought this hillside lot and built our little home here to fit into its location, several years before this became a restricted residential district which permits only high-priced homes to be built here. I was a teacher and my husband a young architect, with equal training in structural engineering. We pooled our savings and bought this lot on a lovely, blue October afternoon, and both of us loved it from the first. We made our plans together but to him goes the credit for the perfection of the house and the beauty of the landscaping. I taught arts and crafts so the furnishing of the house fell to me but we each helped the other so that the place became ours, a part of us, a sort of projection of ourselves into something we had planned and accomplished. We knew that Anne was coming to us and so we built and planted with the thought of our child, or possibly our children, always in our minds.

"Then when Anne was a year old my husband's company sent him to China to build some bridges. It was a wonderful opportunity for a young man. I knew that he wanted to go and I think that I sincerely wanted him to go and have this chance to work out some of his hopes and dreams about his own work. He could not know and I could not know the future or we would have planned differently. There was a disastrous flood on the river he was bridging and he lost his life in helping his Chinese workmen to

save their families. I would not have wanted him to act otherwise than he did in his heroic and generous way; and with the faith that I have now I do not feel that his life was really lost or spent in vain.

"After the first shock of the news, people, my own friends among them, began suggesting that I sell this place and not try to live here where everything is so distinctly his. I could not do it, for that is the very reason I have kept the place. Anne was his child as well as mine and I wanted her to grow up thinking naturally and lovingly of him and of the home that he had made for us. Later, since it has become an expensive residence district, I have had some pressure brought to bear on me to sell the place for a high price but I never expect to sell it because to me it is beyond price in its value.

"There was insurance enough for us to live on; and now that Anne is older I have taken up my own work again, just the kind of work that lets me live at home and still pays me well. I had some gift for designing printed fabrics and my husband had encouraged me, so now I am paid well for doing the kind of work that I love to do; and I can still be at home when Anne's friends come in, and always when she comes home from school.

"There was a time when people began building these very expen-



"It was O.K. when I trimmed the hedge with it."

sive homes around us that I seriously thought of selling the home because I wondered if it would be right and fair for me to keep Anne among children whose luxurious homes had so many more material things in them than her father and I would ever have wanted to have in ours.

"Then, I began to think deeply of what it really is that gives beauty and dignity to life, that unfailingly enriches the human spirit, that lifts us above trusting in material wealth for our happiness, and that prevents us from having feelings of envy or inferiority.

"It was the same answer that came to me when my young husband gave his life for others entrusted to his care. It is a faith in God, a personal thought of God and of our relation to Him on which we must build our lives for strength and beauty, for service and dignity. And that is what I have tried to give Anne as her heritage in life, a sense of God in all about her, in all people and in all the good in life, a feeling that she is in the care of God who is all power, all riches and love, all beauty and joy. Maybe this will help you to understand Anne."

I did understand. She had given her child the one thing needful, for where God is there is no lack. I did not wonder any more why the other children all seemed to love Anne so much, even to feel that she was rather wonderful and superior. There was nothing greedy, nothing petty, nothing selfish or unkind about Anne. She was, as one of the small girls among her friends had said to me before, "the child of God." They themselves felt enriched by knowing her and loving her, by going in and out at her home and sharing her mother who helped them to feel the presence of God about them. The human spirit needs the thought of God and is a poor thing without it. All of us, young or old, consciously or unconsciously demand a faith in God as nurture for our spirits and we starve without it. Anne was a rich child, a very rich child above all earthly riches and the other children knew it.

Tin Time

By Verna Grisier McCully

Here's a useful project
for any and all in your family.

TIN DISHES? And why not? A set of them is the easy answer to a young people's group, class or club whose social activities call for the inevitable "eats," but whose budget, or storage space, or artistic talent is limited. A set of tin dishes is also very practical for family use at outdoor meals, picnics, or home entertaining. It also makes an unusual and useful gift. The cost is little, the items are all but indestructible, and opportunity for individuality is wide. Such dishes require little room for storage, and are light to carry.

The whole set begins as the plainest of tin pans and tin cups. Since these are always "open stock," a small beginning can be added to, as needed. Ordinary round pie tins make excellent plates. Larger square or oblong shallow pans become very useable lap trays, which men and boys of a group especially appreciate because they hold all the necessary implements of refreshments or a buffet meal. Decoration is done with enamel paint in one or more colors. Leftovers can be used, donated by group members. But plan to make the entire set harmonize either by using the same colors, or the same design on all.

Decorating a set can be fun for the group or family. Design should be scaled to ability. Even the most untalented can produce interesting effects with spatter technique and a few simple paper patterns. Initials or monograms, for instance, either of a class, club group name, or of various family members, are appropriate and decorative. Draw plain block letters on paper, then cut them out. Letters for a plate should be two or two and one-half inches tall, for a lap tray three or four inches tall, and for a cup, one and one-half inches to two inches.

Stick the paper letters to the tin with rubber cement, placing them where they should go, and making sure that any rubber that oozes from the patterns is rubbed off as it dries, so edges will be clean and sharp when spattered. If you make several sets of letter patterns and stick them on several pans or cups, you can spatter in rapid succession.



II



Work on a table well covered with newspapers, and with newspaper spread against the wall for protection. Place cups upside down so spatters will not go inside. Dip an old toothbrush in enamel of the chosen color, rub it across a coarse comb or small square-edged stick. Test first on paper until spatters are small and fine. Spatter closely next to the edges of the pattern letters, thinning spatters farther away, so that much tin shows through around the rim of plate or tray, or at the back of a cup. For variety, two colors can be used, one along the tops of the letters, the other along the bottoms, with both colors blending at the middle. Although initialled designs are not illustrated, figure H shows use of spatter.

Slip the point of a knife blade under letters, lift up quickly, dry and use again. Do not rub traces of rubber cement from the tin until enamel is completely dry. This takes up to two days, depending on climate.

Instead of initials, other simple silhouette shapes may be cut from paper and pasted on with rubber cement, then spattered. Suitable shapes are a little church, trees, flowers, fruit or animals. Any of the patterns in the illustration may be copied as silhouettes like the apple or flower in the corners.

Another way of decorating your set is to paint directly on the tin. Designs can be very simple for those of little talent, as figure D, apple and dots, or quite complicated for the more gifted, as tray and cup G. Fascinating effects can be gained by painting with transparent enamels, such as nail polish in shades of pink and red, or varnish stain, in yellowish maple, reddish mahogany or brown walnut. The tin shows through producing gleaming jewel-like effects. Transparent varnishes can be used alone or in combination with opaque enamel. For instance in figure D, an apple in transparent red could be combined with transparent pink border and opaque green leaf.

Draw a pattern of the design on paper the exact size of pan or cup. Trace it to the tin with carbon paper, the white kind used when making mimeograph stencils. Blue or black sheets should be used only if the paint is dark. Remove pattern, then paint the design freehand. Since appropriate designs are of peasant type, painting need not be very accurate. Uneven outlines often add to the charm. For all except stems and lettering, use a water-color brush, size 2 to 4.

If two colors touch at any point, one must be allowed to dry before the other is applied. The best procedure is to paint one color on all pieces, allow them to dry for at least a day, then paint the second color on all, and so on. This is especially true for designs like A, B, E and G. On A and B, first paint the round head in flesh color (white enamel with a speck of pink and yellow). Paint arms and hands and one color of costume. Let dry. Then paint hair and second color on costume, if this differs from hair color. Last, paint eyes and nose and letter words with a small pointed brush size 1 or 0. On figure G, paint flowers first, then stems and tiny leaves.

Do not paint on cup rims on insides of cups, since they are to be used as mugs for coffee, cocoa, milk and so on. To keep a pan rim neatly unpainted while making a border around the bottom, as in figures E or D, stick scotch tape or a narrow strip of adhesive tape around the bottom of rim, paint border, then strip off the tape. On plates, avoid colors containing lead, chrome or cadmium. Safe colors are zinc oxide or zinc sulphate (white), iron oxide or madder lake (red) house yellow and Prussian or ultramarine blue, and the anilines (finger-nail polish).

A set like F, with cat and mouse, is cute for a child, and is an attractive gift. Patterns show other animal figures.

Figure H combines both spatter and freehand painting. An oval is cut from paper, pasted down with rubber cement, then spattered. When spatters are thoroughly dry, trace pattern of church and scene drawn to fit the oval. Paint this, leaving sky unpainted tin, with green ground and trees, and church the color you wish.

Figure I, a serving tray for sandwiches, cake or other food, is composed of a small tin pan, a large pan and a slender emptying tin can. They must be soldered together before painting. This produces an original and decorative gift.

Enamel must be completely dry before dishes or lap trays are used. Allow at least one week to be sure paint is set and cannot be scratched off. Then these dishes can be washed like others, in warm water. Do not soak or use strong detergents, and of course, dry thoroughly. With reasonable care, the designs will last a long time. Tin sometimes tarnishes, and, like silver, can be cleaned with silver polish rubbed on gently with a soft cloth.



With these ideas it takes
no equipment and little skill to . . .

Mystify Your Friends

By Eleanor Hammond

MAGIC" is a word that will make almost all your family's friends prick up their ears. Try it and see! You need not be experienced performers and you won't need any special equipment to mystify your friends with parlor magic. All you need is two people who are "in the know" and an audience that isn't.

PICK THE BOOK seems absurdly simple—when you know how it is done—but will usually keep the audience guessing. You arrange nine books on the floor in a square, three rows with three volumes in each row. Send your helper out of the room while the audience picks a book, then call him back. With a cane or umbrella you point to one volume after another asking: "Is this it?" He will say, "No," until you reach the chosen book. Then he will say, "Yes." You may vary the routine by pointing to a couple of the books, then saying, "Well, which one is it?" or "Tell us the title of the book we chose." A little variation of your routine will make it more mystifying. Your helper will know the chosen book as soon as you have pointed to the first one because you point to the place on the book which the chosen book has in the square. If your stick drops carelessly to the middle of the book, then the chosen book is the one in the middle of the layout. If you point to the upper right hand corner, then he knows the chosen book is the upper right hand one. He takes his cue from the *first* book to which you point. After that you point carelessly just anywhere on the books. This makes it fairly hard for your audience to catch the signal—and they seldom solve the trick unless you help them.

GHOST AND MEDIUM is a fine stunt to use at a Halloween party—but is good for a lot of mystification at any season. You may dress the "ghost" in a sheet and have him (or her) glide silently in and out of a room where the lights are lowered, if you want to dress up the trick to the utmost. Have your confederate—the "ghost"—in an adjoining room before you start the trick. Explain to the audience that you are a "medium" and can summon a ghost to do your bidding. Tell them that you will now call in your "control," call out, "Spirit appear!"—and have your helper glide silently in and stand quietly waiting your orders. "Now I will send the ghost into the next room again so he cannot see what goes on in here," you explain. "After he has gone, I will shake hands with one of you. Then I will call

him back and he will shake the same person's hand—although I will not be here to give him any sort of signal." Then you do exactly that—tell the ghost "Disappear, spirit!" go to some person in the audience and solemnly shake his hand, call out "Spirit, reappear!"—and leave the room as he comes into it. Leave by a different door if possible, so you never go near the ghost. He will know whose hand to shake—because you will have shaken the hand of *the last person who spoke* before you gave him the command "Disappear, spirit!" As your audience is likely to be talking more or less—and you will encourage them to do just that—you seldom have any difficulty in picking a good moment for your command. If you are smart enough to refuse to explain "magicians' secrets" you may bewilder the same people time after time with this trick. It seems almost detection proof!

COLD METAL needs a confederate—but the audience must not know that you have one sitting among them. Tell the party that you will go out of the room and that while you are gone one of them is to touch cold metal. You will know which one has touched the metal if you feel their pulses. Of course, your secret confederate will know who has touched metal. When you come to the right person in your mumbo-jumbo of feeling for pulses, he will give you a signal by crossing his feet—or his arms or his fingers. All you have to do is manage to get a glimpse of your confederate and you know at once who is "guilty." As you can be tipped off by any one of three different "cross" signals the audience seldom "catches on" how you work the "magic."

HIEROGLYPHICS is always good for a bit of innocent mystification. Tell your audience that you and your helper have learned to use the secret writing of the ancient Egyptians and will prove it by doing a little of it before their eyes. Send your helper out of the room, have the audience choose a word, call your helper back and have him watch as you make mysterious lines, dots and curliques on the floor with a stick or cane. After the last flourish, ask him what the work is. He then pronounces the secret word. You have spelled it out for him, of course—though not with the doodling on the rug with the stick. You have kept up more or less patter during the "writing," though none of your remarks must *seem* to have any bearing on the word. You have said such innocent things as "Can you read what I'm writing?" "Move your foot, please!" "This is a hard word to write," or "Now watch closely." But your remarks are really far from random. The first letter in each speech is a letter of the secret word given in its proper order in the word. Vowels are

"just for fun!"

"dots"—1 tap with the point of the stick for A, 2 for E, 3 for I, four for O, 5 for U and 6 for Y. If the audience begins to seem suspicious of the taps, change to the same method used for the consonants—putting the vowels as the first letters on your speeches, say: "Oh well, I don't have to tap! I'll do this word without any tapping, if you think those taps mean something!"

MIND READING is an impressive trick—in fact one used by stage performers all over the country. You can put on a very good act at home or for a church bazaar by one of the commonest of professional "mind reading" methods. Give out square pieces of blank paper and plain envelopes to the members of your audience and tell them to write questions on the papers, fold them, seal them inside the blank envelopes and hand them to your assistant, who will go through the audience to collect them. Your helper collects the sealed envelopes and carries them to you. You take the top envelope from the stack, press it against your forehead unopened, go through a bit of mysterious "trying to read" what is inside the envelope, pretend you are getting the meaning of the words pressed to your forehead and make some answer to the question. "This person wishes to know whether he will find an object he has lost. I suggest he go through all his pockets. It was a small object—something made of metal the vibrations seem to tell me. A key? Yes, that's it! A key! My advice is that he search diligently." Of course, you will not give any too definite advice or too definite promises on such subjects. If you have seen a professional "mind reader" at work you may have noticed that the "advice" handed out is usually quite as vague as the above. The audience is sufficiently impressed by the mere fact that the questions actually are known to the mind reader. How are they known? Well, the first question he answers is one written by his helper and placed *at the bottom of the stack*. After the mind reader has "read" and "answered" a question, he tears open the envelope, studies the square of paper to "verify" his reading. What he is really doing is reading the question he is going to answer *next*! The question he first answered was at the *bottom* of the pile. From here on it is all plain sailing, of course. He goes through the stack of questions, each time "answering" the question he read the time before when pretending to "verify" his reading. Simple! But it has mystified hundreds of thousands of people in audiences! It is important to have your papers *square* and all folded in the same manner—once across is good. Thus when the writer sees his paper taken out he cannot recognize it from any of the others. If oblong papers are used some people will write crosswise and some lengthwise on the papers. Very often people will try folding their papers small or in some peculiar fashion. Naturally they want to "catch" the mind reader! A good reader has to learn to be on the alert and unfold such paper in his lap out of sight. While pressing the envelope to his forehead he can run his fingers across it and so discover if the contents is folded into

a peculiar little wad—and be ready to deal with the tell-tale paper when he opens the envelope. As the papers are unfolded and verified, the reader lays them face down in a pile beside him. The last paper, of course, has on it the question he answered first—so he must manage to shove it to the bottom of the stack or drop it in his pocket or down inside his chair, if the audience is allowed to retrieve their questions. The reader *must* be placed throughout the reading so that nobody can look over his shoulder, as you can understand. But with a little cleverness and practice any amateur can become a very mystifying "mind reader."

Let's Paint on a Window

By Vera Channels

A RAINY day at home can be a disappointing day. Or it can be a day full of fun. It all depends on what you plan to do. It is lots of fun to dabble in pretty colored paints. Perhaps you would like to paint on the windowpane.

Here is what you need:

- Three dishes—the size of cereal dishes
- Package of powdered kitchen cleanser
- Water
- Newspapers—for spreading on the floor
- Vegetable coloring—red, yellow, blue

Pour some of the cleanser in each of the three cereal dishes. Add a small amount of water to each and add red coloring to one dish, blue to another, and yellow to the third. Keep adding water until you have a smooth paste which will not drip when placed on the window. Now you are ready to choose your window.

Spread papers under the window so that you will not splatter on the floor. Choose any subject you like, and begin.

Start by making simple pictures until you get used to your paints. If you make a mistake or don't like what you have done, you can wipe off the paint with an old cloth. You might like to make a garden with pretty colored flowers. You might like to make a house and people. Or you could illustrate one of your favorite stories. At Halloween you could make jack-o'-lanterns; at Thanksgiving, a turkey; and at Christmas, the manger scene or Christmas trees.

When you are all done, put away your things. When you are tired of your picture, carefully wipe it off the window and the glass will be clean and shiny.

Make Your Own Card for Mother

By Verna Grisier McCully

FOR MOTHER'S DAY, make a very special card to give to Mommy. You can make one for Grandmother, too. Other people's grandmothers would like to be remembered also.

Make your cards of thin cardboard. It can be white or light colored. Four inches by five inches is a good size. If you have no cardboard, use paper. Construction paper or shelf paper or pretty wrapping paper will do. Cut a piece eight inches by five. Fold it down the center. This makes a folder four inches by five.

Use any of the pictures on this page for your card. Color the pictures with crayon or paint. Make the carnation pink. Make a green stem and leaves. Color the border light green. The roses are pink or yellow. Little flowers are light blue. Color the bird blue or red.

Cut out the picture you like best. Paste it in the center of your card. Above the picture, print the words, TO MOTHER. Below the picture, print your name. Use a colored pencil or crayon.

Mother's Day cards are nice to make for children in a hospital to send to their mommies. The ribbon bow is pretty to cut out and paste or pin on a present for Mommy.



Small Fry Gardening

There are many kinds of gardens you and your family may cultivate. In doing so, another interest in common develops within the family group.

By

Esther Miller Payler

GARDENING is a splendid hobby and worth-while work for children from pre-school age upward. I know what I am talking about when making that statement, for it is based on actual experience, over a period of years with my own three small fry. Perhaps my experience will help you in getting your youngsters interested, solving painlessly some of your behavior problems, especially during school vacations.

At times, my children, as most children where there is a family garden, helped and asked for gardens of their own. I was somewhat reluctant to spoil our garden plan or give up time to show them, when I could do it myself more quickly. One day when my nine-year-old elder daughter was helping me, she showed me that I was wrong in my attitude. She was genuinely interested and could do many things without help. I gave her a section of garden on trial. She could keep it as long as she planted and cared for it by herself. She alone was to pick the blooms and arrange them for the church, house or gifts. If she neglected the garden and it became unsightly, it was no longer hers.

She had a pair of gloves, basket, sprayer and such tools as trowel,



—Lambert.

The smallest small fry needs to be Maamma's assistant until he can manage a plot of his own.

hand-weeder, decorated sprinkling can of her own. She harvested a few blisters, a gorgeous coat of tan and a mass of blooms. She was full of plans for next season and has had a garden of her own since.

The younger sister and brother, seeing their sister's success, wanted gardens too. They were younger and their parents had to be their assistants and helpers for several years, before they could be on their own, especially in the matter of choice of crop and being sure which were weeds.

The boy chose vegetables. He started on lettuce, radishes and pepper plants, instead of water-melons, which he thought could be raised on a four by six plot, until he learned otherwise.

IT IS WISE to choose plants easy to grow, where definite results will be seen quickly, as success is necessary to keep the child interested. Also, experience has shown it is wiser to assign the child too small a space than one too large, where he will grow tired and his pleasant hobby become a troublesome chore, which will interfere with his other

interests. Gardens are an especially useful combination of work and play for the school vacation.

Regularity with a definite time to work is a good practice to encourage as much as is practical. The discipline of finishing what is started and putting away tools and caring for them, is helpful in character building and training. The exercise in the open air and knowing where the children are, are two recommendations for gardening, which parents will approve. A sense of responsibility that they must take care of the garden without help, and that it is their own, is a help. Praise goes better than criticism, in helping stimulate and keep interest.

Allow the children to be responsible for their own produce and flowers. When the vegetables are served or canned, thank and praise them. Encourage them to share with others.

A neighbor child raises hardy annuals and every Sunday during the summer supplies attractive arrangements to the church school and church.

(Continued on page 44.)

Family Counselors

Question: I come from a good Christian home and have been keeping company with a young man who meets all my standards for an ideal husband, except one: he likes beer, and occasionally will drink several bottles when he is with his companions. Father is very much opposed to alcoholic beverages; mother is also opposed, but doesn't say too much. Now my problem is: "Shall I overlook his liking for beer, with the hope that he will give it up after we are married?"

Answer: One's heart goes out to our young people today for they are confronted with numerous situations involving conflict. Since our society has legalized and popularized the drinking of alcoholic beverages, the problem facing this young woman becomes even more acute. Add to this the knowledge that some church members look with approval upon the casual drinker, one can see why this person is seeking counsel.

Students of the drinking problem who have sought reasons why young people resort to drink have given as one reason that it helps a person to have confidence in himself. If that is the reason for this young man's behavior, then he should seek the real source for a feeling of adequacy. You can assist him by reassuring him in the situations wherein he has demonstrated the greatest strength.

Jesus said: "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly." (John 10:10.) A seeking after the life that Jesus speaks of here will help one to build confidence in himself without resorting to the use of alcohol.

Furthermore, it is extremely doubtful that this young man, who is unwilling to give up the habit

now, will do so after marriage. A complete and thorough understanding of the whole problem prior to marriage is necessary. If he is willing to do some self-sacrificing now, his chances of doing it after marriage will be greatly strengthened.

P. B. B.

Question: Most of my friends smoke and drink. I do, too, but I only drink to be sociable and never smoke when alone because I detest both. Next year I go away to college. How far should I go doing things I do not believe in, in order to keep friends?

Answer: Of course your problem is a real one, for no girl your age can afford to be without friends among both boys and girls, but following the gang is not the way to have the best, or even the most friends. You have become afraid—afraid of yourself and of your companions. You are being motivated now by fear, and consequently are on the defensive. You are like a drowning person grabbing for anybody's neck. As such you cannot help other swimmers who are not too sure of themselves. If, on the other hand, you would strike straight ahead with a bold, confident stroke of your own, you would soon find others gathering around you and going along with you. The very finest and happiest boys and girls I know, and incidentally ones who have the most friends, are those who stand firmly by their own convictions. Too, they are not a bit hesitant about saying so.

If you seem fearful and uncertain about your stand, then you are a weakling to your friends but if you know why you are standing by certain Christian principles, you put others on the defensive.

The finest Christian young people today do not drink or smoke. They know why and are not afraid to say so.

I suggest you do some straight thinking on this subject before you go to college. Learn to be your true self. If you have not stamina enough to do this, your college education will do you little good anyway, and you had just as well burn yourself out drinking as any other way. Be a person of true principle and conviction first and you will never need fear lack of friends.

D. F.

Question: At a recent panel discussion among parents, teachers, and pupils of our Junior High Department, one of the questions was, "Is a girl or boy of thirteen too young to date?" What do you think?

Answer: It depends on "who, when, where." It depends on the maturity of the girl and boy. It depends on where they are going, when they are going and returning. Generally speaking, I would allow a girl of 13 to date if I would trust her to go to the same places at the same time with another girl. It seems to me that dating is part of growing up, and that as soon as young people want to date, they should be allowed to do so within bounds of reason. The necessary standards of behavior should have been instilled in the boy and girl before the question of dating actually arises.

E. N. J.

Question: My husband and I belong to different Protestant churches. How shall we choose the one to which both of us should give our allegiance?

Answer: Of course, every family situation is a law unto itself.

Only general principles can be suggested to help guide you in a choice. First, look to the teachings of the church as a whole and to this particular local church. Will it give you the inspiration and help and Christian nurture which you need? Can you accept its doctrines and practices? Does it minister to the life of the present, or is it bound by tradition and custom?

Next, look to the loyalty of each to his separate church. Is one more active in his church work and belief? If there is wide divergence here, then it would seem logical to go into the church to which the most active belonged. However, if the husband shows a preference for a church or is active in it, it seems to me as I judge from my own counselling, that the wife would do well to go to the church of his choice. By and large, women are more easily interested in church than are men. Hence, whenever it is possible, the husband's lead might be followed.

Look for a church which will minister best to your children. Don't be content with numbers. Try to find out something about the attitude and belief of the teachers. You do not want your child to learn many things which he will have to unlearn later on in life. Teachers who are not abreast of what is happening in the world and its effect upon religion, teachers who are bound to a set of beliefs which were handed down to them and who thus cannot teach creatively can do your child as much harm as good.

Find a church in which you can contribute more than money. You need the fellowship and the laboratory experience which active church service offers. You know your abilities: you may be qualified to teach in a church school, you may like to quilt, you may meet people well and so be valuable in the important field of membership cultivation, you may be a good business person and so find your place in the finance program of the church.

Find out what the church is doing to educate its members in the daily cultivation of their spiritual natures. Too many churches leave

this entirely out of their program. No Christian can afford to pass a day without prayer and meditation.

You will no doubt want to belong to a church which has other couples of your age and interest actively engaged in it. Fellowship within the church not only strengthens the parishioners, it likewise strengthens the institution.

If neither of your churches measure up to what you want, then seek a common denominator.

These are but a few of the suggestions which could be made. Use them only as guides.

L. R. S.

Question: I was just graduated from high school and do not wish to attend college, even though my father has always assumed that I would go on. Do you think he should insist on my going to college or let me go to work, as I prefer?

Answer: Forcing you to go to college, assuming you are capable of college work, will not insure that you will profit from a college education. Perhaps a semester or a year of work will convince you that an education is needed if you are to advance. On the other hand, once you have assumed responsibility for a home, the opportunities for further collegiate training are limited. Here is where one must realize that one of the evidences of maturity is the ability to sacrifice rewards of the present for the more enduring values of the future.

IS THIS WORTH WHILE?

If you find Family Counselors helpful, send us your problems so the column can continue and increase in value. We're anxious to hear from you—so write!

It is necessary for one honestly to ask himself several questions before making a decision in such a matter. Have I demonstrated my ability to do acceptable work in high school? If not, is it because I lack ability for this type of work, or is an emotional problem involved?

Perhaps you have taken some of the standardized tests in high school which can be interpreted to you by the counselor. If these tests indicate ability in some other field, it is important that you and your parents accept the findings and adjust to the new program, even though it may be different from the ambitions your parents had for you.

All people have diversity of gifts. Some show dexterity in manual skills, while others assimilate abstract ideas more readily. It is not a question of which is "best" or deserves the most recognition, but only that they differ from each other. A job well done in either area should be your goal. Work is dignified, whether it is done by skillful hands or by a trained mind. Jesus was concerned chiefly with the extent of our putting to use the talents entrusted to us.

P. B. B.



**Dorothy
Faust**



**Leslie R.
Smith**



**Elizabeth
N. Jones**



**Paul B.
Baum**

Famous names and
faces attribute their achievements to
their mothers.

Their Golden Ladders

By Ruth May Knell

WHEN she wakes up she wants to talk to me and I want to be there. She sat up with me so many times when I needed her and I want to reciprocate when she needs me."

These words, spoken in a small, unpretentious house in Grandview, Missouri, on May 25, 1947, express the sentiments of the President of the United States. Mr. Truman was referring to his aged mother who lay near death in an adjoining room. He hadn't forgotten the greatest lessons in his mother's Volume of Life . . . Loyalty to obligation, and devotion to duty.

Everyone treasures a "golden ladder," the doctrine which has served as life's upward steps. In an interview shortly before he left the United States on what was to be his last mission of mercy, the late Father Flanagan, founder of Boy's Town, told me:

"My memory storehouse is locked up with a myriad of precious teachings from my mother. Although she is long since dead, it's not difficult to recall the wealth of great lessons which she placed into my hands as a small boy." The Father went on, "The memory of my mother is one of great love. By that I mean she was a great lover. Like all good mothers, her God was first in her mind and heart, and her fellow men, beginning with her children, were next. She was a person of great character, begetting confidence in all whom she met. She loved people with a great and consuming love, and I think that if there was any-

thing in the world that I learned from my mother, it was her power of love."

"Did your mother's great love influence your choice of a life's work?" I asked.

Father Flanagan admitted, "It was from her that I learned the lesson to love my fellow men as myself for the love of God. It was this characteristic which caused me to establish a home for homeless children, that they, too might be loved, trained and educated to become good citizens for God and country."

I WAS hesitant about approaching singer Jeanette MacDonald for her "golden ladder," because only a short time had elapsed since her mother passed away. Jeanette was on a tour of San Francisco army hospitals with her husband, Gene Raymond, when the end came suddenly. Those of us who appreciated the close devotion which held Anna MacDonald and her famous daughter together up until the moment of her death, wondered how Jeanette would weather the heartbreak. Mrs. MacDonald shared every interest in her daughter's life. Since her passing, a group of Jeanette's friends have pledged an annual donation to the World Federation of Churches in Mrs. MacDonald's honor.

But Jeanette proved that she inherited every ounce of her mother's fortitude. She carried on bravely through the great loss, ex-

plaining, "This is the way Mother would want us to take her passing. She couldn't stand the thought of anyone mourning for her. She was like that, always full of a love for life."

"The golden ladder" which my mother gave me," Jeanette decided, "was to mind my own affairs. In all the years of our close relationship, I never once heard my mother gossip. I know there were times when people confided in her, and I know she carried many of my sisters' problems, as well as my own, but never did she betray any of our confidences. If any of us had anything unkind to say about another, mother would listen patiently. Then, nine times out of ten," Jeanette remembered tenderly, "she'd find some little defense for the other fellow. Throughout the years, she seemed happier and more contented in her realm of friends and family than anyone I know. When she passed away, the tributes paid her were a final evidence of the good which she gave and received. I've tried to follow her example, and I feel wonderful for it."

MARY PICKFORD explains it this way:

"There was little preaching in our family. But Mama believed that a child should be taught consideration for others. A complete law to govern one's life, she'd say, lay in the simple words, 'Have confidence and hope; and above all,



be kind.' She urged us to be polite, and I can hear her saying, as she often did, 'It doesn't matter what the station in life is, darling, we're all human beings. So take the trouble to say good morning and good night to people. Go out of your way to be nice.' Mother was not only our mother, but our very dearest and best friend."

That's America's Sweetheart's favorite recollection of Charlotte Pickford. The bond which held these two together was so strong that Mary once confessed that there was a dark shadow under which she lived much of her life, the dread of that awful moment when she must be parted from her beloved mother.

Elizabeth Lewis, who has been Miss Pickford's secretary for years, told me, "Miss Pickford has always felt she owed everything to her mother. Mrs. Pickford was a very wise woman with a sane outlook upon the world and a keen love of humanity, all of which she

bequeathed to her daughter. It would have been very easy for a little girl on the stage since the age of five, and an outstanding success at sixteen, to become thoroughly spoiled. The fact that she remained simple and natural, I believe, is a great tribute to that mother."

I BELIEVE the 'golden ladder' upon which my mother firmly set my feet was the realization that you have to work hard for everything worth while—that there are no extras unless you get out and scratch for them!"

The speaker, that fellow with the friendly singing voice and infectious smile, Bing Crosby. Bing, the father of four husky boys, said that the lesson of working hard and earnestly for everything you reap, is the valuable doctrine of life which he hopes to pass along to his energetic quartet.

IT WOULD surely seem that the most important thing which author, lecturer and teacher Dale Carnegie's mother must have taught him was how to win friends and influence people. But that's only a shell of the wealth of education with which Mrs. Carnegie enriched the life of her son.

"The vital importance of religion is the supreme lesson of living which my mother taught me," Dale will assure you. "Minus a thorough knowledge of a deep and understanding view of the essentials of religion, success and achievement are shallow, without substance or satisfaction."

DO THE very best you can, she'd say!"

That was the rapid-fire staccato summary of his mother's "golden ladder" from a top name in the field of reporting. Walter Winchell recalls his mother's admonition this way:

"If you can't be a tree, be a bush . . . *but* be the best bush! If you can't be a park, be a blade of grass . . . *but* be the best blade of grass! If you can't be a garden, be a flower . . . *but* be the best flower! *Always do your best!*"

ED SULLIVAN came to the point of my question with, "Ruthie, my mother always used to tell me, 'There's a right and a wrong way to do everything.' I've never forgotten that, and I've tried to travel as close to that path in life as possible."

Nick Kenny's reply carried my thoughts back to Jeanette MacDonald. Nick said, "The greatest lesson I received from my mother, a 'golden ladder' as you call it, was to understand that the highest culture in this life is to speak no ill."

Motion picture actress, Maureen O'Hara, herself the mother of a lovely four-year-old daughter, Bronwynne, talked freely and seemed only too delighted to discuss her childhood.

Maureen's fondest memories of her early life are filled to overflowing with her mother's wisdom and foresight. Maureen realizes it was the important things which

her mother highlighted in her young mind, which makes possible her ability to face life's problems today with courage and perception.

"If one of us did something wrong," Maureen recalled seriously, "we were not punished for the first offense. For example, the first time I came home and repeated a story about someone to my mother, she asked if I had actually been there and seen it happen. I could not truthfully answer yes to the question. Mother pointed out to me that I had done wrong, that I must not repeat a story that I had heard ever again. She also cautioned that if I did and could not truthfully say that I'd been there and seen it happen, I would get a spanking. This same procedure was followed whenever one of us did something wrong. The next time we felt like repeating the mistake," Maureen laughed, "we would have to decide whether or not we got enough pleasure from misbehaving to compensate for the spanking."

Maureen believes that by merely lecturing children each time that they should not do it again, you do not make a deep enough impression to teach them to think matters out.

DEANNA DURBIN smiled her usually youthful greeting as she said, "Observance of the Golden Rule was the greatest life-lesson which my mother taught me. This I found to mean many things—courtesy, consideration, thoughtfulness and kindness, freely extended toward everyone with whom I came in contact, regardless of his station in life."

Deanna's usually gay mood grew serious as she continued, "I have tried to abide by my mother's admonition that in passing through this life we should try to make the world a little better place than we found it, getting a maximum of enjoyment for ourselves and causing a minimum of unhappiness for others."

ROCKEFELLER Plaza! We enter the office of the president and general manager of Eastern Air Lines. Recognize the genial gentleman with the easy-to-talk-to manner and friendly grin? He's the famous air ace of World War I and consultant and advisor of air tactics in the late war, Captain Eddie Rickenbacher.

"The most valuable lesson in life which my mother taught me,"

Rick confided, "was to pray at her knee. I've tried to build my life upon the page which my mother took from the Book of books, 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.' I've found that it pays dividends to consider the other fellow's feelings as if they were your own."

The nearest timber from which "golden ladders" are cut might come from the translation of an old Jewish proverb:

God could not be everywhere
Therefore he made mothers.

BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

(See page 23.)

"And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind: and it was so." (Gen. 1:24.)

The Words

A Peter	M Fangs
B Twitter	N Divide
C Abel	O Beak
D Chalk	P Gnat
E Flags	Q Thunder
F Gather	R Hornets
G Haft	S Train
H Hidden	T Sod
I Thin	U Tiger
J Chatter	V Donor
K Shift	W India
L Cain	X Ease

HOPEFUL HERBERT

BY KAULEE



Herbert knows we all want justice,
freedom both from want and fear,
And a chance to help our loved ones
live in happiness and cheer;
And he's sure that men and women
in the good old U.S.A.
Can do much to shape the future
if we only point the way.



If we all work hard together, showing
that we understand,
That each race and creed and color
is important in our land,
And that native-born and foreign,
Catholic, Protestant and Jew,
All do better when there's freedom
for themselves and others, too.



That's why Herbert is so happy when
he hears his neighbors say,
That they're glad we're in the U.N.
and the U.N.'s here to stay;
For each time we raise our voices
to help U.N. strength increase,
We are speeding the achievement
both of human rights and peace.

Herb speaks out on U.N. issues; that's what all of us should do—
Give the U.N. all your backing; help the U.N. work for you.

What the Churches Are Doing in Family Life

By J. D. Montgomery



CHRISTIAN Family Week is to be observed this year from May 7 to 14. Few observances during the year are more meaningful to family groups, and it is fitting that an entire week, or more, be devoted to a special recognition of the family in home, church and community.

Families will be strengthened by following a daily schedule during Family Week that will help to re-emphasize those relationships that are fundamental to strong family life, based upon mutual trust, respect, confidence, and faith in each other. The following activities are suggested:

Sunday: The Family Goes to Church Together.

1. Attend services of worship.
2. In daily family devotions give special thought to your church. (Use *The Secret Place* as a guide throughout this week.)

Monday: The Family Eats Together.

1. Plan to have every member of the family present for breakfast and the evening meal.
2. Decide which member of the family will lead in grace at each meal during the week.

Tuesday: The Family Works Together.

1. Work out a democratic agreement on home duties.
2. Agree upon some specific family project for cooperation in work.

Wednesday: The Family Reads Together.

1. Read selected stories from the Bible and from other literature as each member of the family shares his "favorite" with the others.

Thursday: The Family Listens Together.

1. Select and listen to radio programs best suited to family life.
2. Use recordings of hymns.

Friday: The Family Plans Together.

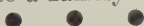
1. Decide upon a plan of spending one night a week together as a family.
2. Adopt a family budget set up on stewardship principles.

Saturday: The Family Plays Together.

1. Decide upon a plan for home recreation or home music nights.
2. Play games in which all the members of the family can participate. (See page 34 of this magazine and refer to the Just for Fun section of previous issues.)

Sunday: The Family Worships Together.

1. Attend services of worship.
2. If possible invite a family in for fellowship.



At Downey Avenue Christian Church, Indianapolis, Indiana, F. W. Wiegmann, minister, the Home and Family Life Committee prepared a program with

an emphasis on the home for the whole month of May, 1949.

The first four Sundays of May observed Christian Family Life with sermons in the morning and discussions or vespers in the evening. During the month families were invited to participate at home by having fun, study, and worship together, and if possible, to invite a family in for fellowship. The Women's Council sponsored a Mother and Daughter banquet. A display of Christian literature in the church provided an opportunity for parents to know and secure helpful materials on the home.

May 1, the morning sermon was on the subject, "The Content of Eternal Life," bringing out the fact that adults, both married and single, have family obligations of growing mature emotionally, mentally and spiritually. The evening service was in the form of a forum led by Mr. Charles M. Sharp, principal of Howe High School, on the theme, "Are You Grown Up?"

May 8, Mother's Day, the morning sermon was on the subject, "There's No Place Like Home." The vesper service at 4:30 in the afternoon was dedicated to the whole family in appreciation of the home. Two musical numbers were given by family groups. Other numbers were by representatives of the Kindergarten, the Primary Department, Junior High, High School Departments, college age, young adult class, a family group, and a grandmother. The program was built around the theme, "What My Home Means to Me."

May 15, the sermon was entitled, "Christian Marriage." At 7:30 P.M. a Wedding Bell Reunion was held in the sanctuary, sponsored by the Young Married People's Class. The service opened with a musical program including congregational singing of favorite love songs. The reunion was for all the couples whom the minister had married during his present pastorate. The re-enacting of the wedding ceremony of the first resident couple married by the minister was one of the main features. At the close of this ceremony all couples in attendance married by the minister were asked to stand and silently renew their vows to each other.

May 22, the morning sermon was on the theme, "What We Want Most for Our Children." At the vesper hour a panel of four discussed questions selected from those handed in by members of the adult classes of the Sunday school.

Small Fry Gardening

(From page 37.)

A grade school girl helped make an unsightly school window into a lovely spot. She won a blue ribbon in the school hobby fair, for her work.

A teen-age boy, who is planning to become a landscape architect, says he first knew what he wanted to do when he had a small garden of his own and then he worked with the landscaping of their own home grounds.

ANOTHER family had a slope in their backyard which was an eyesore. The mother wanted a rock garden but did not have the time herself to build and plant it. One Sunday the family visited a well-known rock garden. They became enthusiastic about converting their slope into an attractive rock garden. The children got books at the library, drew diagrams and plans. Then it became a family project to gather rocks. Their eyes were always alert for suitable rock garden rocks. Even when traveling in other states, they brought home "good ones" until they had enough to begin their plan. As they put in the first rocks, they found more and more were needed. It gave point to Sunday excursions and family outings, to find rock garden rocks. Finally the garden was finished. Each child was responsible for one part and what friendly rivalry there was to have theirs the nicest.

Flower arrangement, dish gardens and potted plants can be all year long hobbies, and absorbing occupations for children when they are recovering from illness or on days of bad weather.

If you wish to keep your children busy and happy at work and play which shows results, and to have companionship with them, through a common interest, why not give them a garden space of their own, and keep them stimulated to keep it growing.

How can you better bring children close to God, than through working with plants which He created, and which praise Him continually with their beauty and fragrance?

Parents!

Sponsor a Department

(From page 13.)

two desirable features. First, parents, even busy ones, are usually willing to serve for a limited period and second, those parents who are not sufficiently interested or find it difficult to meet the requirements can be replaced without embarrassment. After promotion the children usually have a new teacher and thus new sponsors are chosen.

In a small church, the minister may meet with the head teachers to select the sponsors. In some cases it might be advisable to have a committee of teachers choose the sponsors. In any case, parent sponsors should be made to feel they are a vital part of the educational program of the church and should be considered a part of the staff.

The number of sponsors for each class or department will vary with the enrollment of the class or department. For the small class one or, at the most, two couples will be sufficient. But for the larger class or department where there are no classes, one couple for every ten to fifteen children would be most helpful.

Activities in which parent sponsors may participate are numerous and should fit the particular needs of the individual church. Suggested activities might be:

1. Meeting with church school teachers and officers in all general teachers' meetings and departmental meetings.

2. Furnishing refreshments and transportation, if needed, for all class parties and projects.

3. Arranging refreshments for departmental or class, parents' meetings.

4. Calling on the families of new children or absentees.

5. Sponsoring a work night once a year to mend or renovate equipment.

6. Cooperate in sponsoring meetings for all parents once or twice a year.

7. Participate in a reading club or some other plan for encouraging parents to read on child care and religious training in the home and church.

8. Sponsor as a group "all family" projects, such as family-go-to-church Sundays, church family picnics, church family recreation nights, church family camps or retreats.

WHAT ARE the advantages to the parents from cooperating in the educational work of the church?

1. Parents will learn about the objectives of Christian education and how the course of study attempts to reach the goals.

2. Parents learn the value of cooperation between home and church in helping children grasp the ideas on the Christian way of life.

3. Parents gain greater appreciation of the problems of the teachers and criticize less.

4. Parents realize that the home is the laboratory where Christian principles taught at the church are practiced.

WHAT ARE the advantages to the teachers of parent sponsors?

1. Teachers are encouraged by the interest, appreciation and cooperation of parents.

2. Teachers are able to sponsor more activities for the children with the actual help from parents.

3. Teachers are able to actually make Christian teachings more meaningful by having better cooperation at home and by understanding the children better themselves.

4. Teachers are able to do more efficient work with equipment being renovated regularly.

Parents, no doubt, have been interested and have wished to help teachers for years but unless this help is a part of a cooperative venture, each assisting the other, it may at times be misunderstood and even resented. There is a great need for parent sponsors and there are parents who would appreciate the opportunity to help but they do not know how to go about it. If parents and teachers do not get together to work out their own method of cooperation, they may need some help from the minister, director of Christian education or Sunday school superintendent.



Books for the Hearth Side

The New York Department of Mental Hygiene has prepared a series of free pamphlets called **Guideposts to Mental Health**. There are seven pamphlets in this series. They are very attractive as well as readable, each with a different colored paper cover and an illustration indicative of the contents.

Life Begins explains how the pattern of personality begins with the first breath of life. Short paragraphs give practical suggestions to parents of how to plan ahead and be ready for problems when they come so that mentally and emotionally the child develops into an attractive person.

School Days helps parents to understand what happens to a child as he takes his first steps toward growing up and how they may help him in achieving happy, healthy maturity.

Teen Time discusses the needs of teen-agers, their efforts to achieve emotional stability, and the role of parents during these years.

Your Job gives some guidance in choosing a vocation and suggests some ways in which one can find satisfactions with a job that is less than desirable.

Your Marriage looks at marriage in an objective way from courtship days to parenthood. Emphasis is laid on mutuality in all aspects of marriage, that one gets out of marriage just what he puts into it—and no more.

The Middle Years points out the assets of middle age. It suggests how persons suddenly relieved of family responsibilities may use their abilities for the good of others and find new satisfactions for themselves.

The Golden Age begins: "So you think you're growing old! Well, aren't we all? Aging is a continuous process which starts even before birth. Why start worrying about it now?" It then goes on to tell why we live longer than our ancestors and that old age is what one makes it. It points out the opportunities for choice of activities that will give satisfactions to life.

These pamphlets are brief, 5 to 6 pages in length. They require but a few minutes for reading, yet they contain ideas that have the power to change the entire pattern and tone of family life. They may be had upon request from the State of New York Department of Mental Hygiene, Alfred E. Smith State Office Building, Albany, New York.

Music in the Home

(From page 20.)

Though they may not be able to clap in time to music, many of their movements are rhythmic. To show your child the rhythm of his movements, you can sing or clap in time to his jumping or sliding or swinging. You probably often have the urge to keep time when you hear some markedly rhythmic music. So do so. Encourage your child to do so. Notice his patterns of movement and help develop them rather than teaching him set patterns. Remember that rhythmic movement is not necessarily done in the

vertical position, but can be done lying on the back, or "tummy," or on the hands and knees.

One very pleasant community project is the concert. Round up the adults in your neighborhood who play an instrument. Plan a very short program of short numbers. For pre-school twenty-five minutes is a good length program and two or three minutes long enough for individual numbers. The instruments may play individually first, then as a group. This will give the children a chance to learn what the instruments sound like separately and cooperatively. Songs the children know should be included, and also a request period if possible. A carol concert at Christmas around a tree is particularly impressive for both the children and their parents. The keynote of the concerts should be informality—children sitting on floor, maybe parents too, and time allowed for looking at and touching the instruments.

The nice thing about these concerts is that the performers and children alike seem to enjoy them tremendously. Many variations of the above ideas are possible. Use your ingenuity! Growing up with experiences of this sort should banish any feeling of strangeness which so many adults have regarding concerts.

You may expect to develop musically right along with your child. In helping him discover music and rhythm and all its possibilities, you will discover a great deal yourself! In these chaotic times what better beginning can we give our children than a knowledge of the beauties which God has created and has empowered man to re-create?

The Slifers

(From page 4.)

will they be put?" "Oh, we'll take care of that all right. There are two girls about my age in the family, and so they can stay in my room. We've got room here; we can make a place for them."

And so they will. They'll make a place for them. And they'll be lucky to be in the Slifer home. Come to think of it—their dog is well named—Lucky! He's lucky to be there. A visitor who was in the home for a few hours said on parting: "I can pay you this compliment. If I did not have a home of my own, I'd like to live here with you Slifers."

Living at Slifers is an exciting business. It is abundant living. And there are things ahead—big things ahead. There's the DP Ukrainian family to come. Then next summer the family plans to hop in their car and spend two months seeing the United States. Realizing how circumstances might force them to change their plans—everybody has so many irons in the fire—Ken said: "If we tell enough people we're going to do it, we'll have to do it to keep from being embarrassed." (Note to Ken: Now it's published!) And then there's Diane's trip to Nigeria.

Yes, the Slifers live abundantly. They make religion work in the area of the home. But they don't stop there, for they feel that the home should serve the community, the state, and the world!

Small Shoulders

(From page 12.)

stood stockstill in the doorway and stared, and that he was deeply shocked showed in the way his freckles stood out. He came reluctantly closer, on tiptoe.

"Hi, Dad!" he whispered. "Boy, you look funny." But practically in the same breath he added, "But, boy, I bet you don't *feel* funny. How're you, Dad?" He gingerly took a seat on the edge of a chair.

Will watched him with tender eyes. How could he ever have thought of these children of his as so many ingrates. He and Ellie had been to blame for never having probed for the devotion and understanding he now so clearly read in Jimmy's eyes.

"Dad—" Jimmy gave a little cough. He balanced his cap on an uneasy knee. "Dad—that is—well, how's about skin grafting? Think some might have to be done?"

Will was glad most of his face was covered. Realizing with such suddenness what Jimmy was driving at, it would have been hard not to reveal how utterly the discovery shook him.

"No, Son," he replied. "At first they thought it might have to

be done, but I'm really doing fine."

Jimmy looked down. "Well, I just wanted you to know that—well, if it *had* to be done, you could—could count on me, Dad. . ." He got up and began to creak about. Emotion *was* hard to hide. "I—" he stumbled a little. "I'm kind of little," he tacked on humbly. "I can't do so much—only take care of the lawn and things like that—"

Suddenly their eyes met, and once again Will's big awkward hand came out. Jimmy laid his, sunburnt and stubby, into it.

"It's swell to know that, Son." Will spoke as though to another man—his best friend, maybe. "And believe me, I appreciate it, too."

Jimmy's shoulders squared themselves. He gave his cap a last twirl. "Well, I just wanted you to know, Dad." He turned to the door. "Well, guess I'd better be going—"

IT WAS an hour before Ellie and Wendy came, but to Will it seemed no time at all, so filled with a strange new content was he. Now, he was sure of the one thing he had wanted most—to *be one with his children*. Not he and Ellie on one side, *giving*, and the children on the other, *taking*, but sharing

good and bad. That Ellie, too, saw it this way he had already gleaned from the things Lois and Jimmy had said.

Poor Ellie, thought Will, for her it will be the hardest since hers was the softest heart. His own heart was warm with the thought of her when she and Wendy walked into the room.

Wendy was not so upset by the sight of her father as the others had been. Rather she was immensely interested and looked on wide-eyed as Ellie kissed him through the opening in his mask.

"Will," said Ellie after they had chatted for a few minutes. "I'd like to go down on second floor for a bit and see poor Mrs. Walsh. She's been very sick. I'm afraid I've been a poor neighbor, being so busy—mind if I go, dear?"

"Why, not at all," was Will's hearty answer, "and say hello to Mrs. Walsh for me."

"Could Wendy stay with you a few minutes? Think it would be all right?"

Of course, it would be. Ellie left and Wendy seated herself in a chair near the window.

"But, Baby," Will objected. "Why do you sit way over there? Come over here by Dad."

Beaming, Wendy limped close, drew up a chair, and when Will reached out a great hand, she took it tenderly between her two small ones and sat holding it with something very like reverence, the while her big blue eyes adored him silently.

They had never needed words for perfect communion, these two, and they needed none now, and by and by a sweet drowsiness came over Will and he slept.

And so Ellie found them presently, and was held in the doorway for a long moment by the sight—the father comforted and asleep, the child vigilant by his side—the two bathed in the last golden rays of the late afternoon sun as it filled the silent room.

Suddenly Wendy raised her eyes and saw her mother. Ever so carefully she disengaged one hand to put a warning finger to her lips.

"Sh-h-!" she whispered. "Daddy is asleep."

Other Mothers

May we solemnly remember in the comfort of our day

Other countries, other mothers, and the griefs upon their way.

Those with naught to feed their children, tattered clothing, little heat,

How often they must wonder, "Can my faith with this compete?"

Endless is the task of missions, spanning oceans wide, and seas,

Reaching out to keep Christ's teaching, feed and clothe "the lest of these."

—RUTH L. RENFROW

By Ann Tatman

Christian Family Week is the first full week of this month, May 7 to 14. Why not plan to set aside one evening during this week for the whole family to get together and listen to records? Plan to have variety—records for the small children, records for teenagers, ones for parents or grandparents. Plan also to have music, stories, or drama selections. You'll be surprised at the enjoyment you'll find in a "record" evening.

For Small Children

Little Golden Records: These small unbreakable records are put out by Simon and Schuster, the same company that publishes the Little Golden Books for children. There is an endless variety of subjects that small children love, and the records are made of unbreakable material so that the boys and girls can put them on the machines themselves. Be sure to let them do this, when their part in the evening's program comes.) Some of the titles are:

"Scuffy the Tugboat"—sung by Irene Wicker, the Singing Lady
"Circus Time"—also sung by Irene Wicker
"The Muffin Man"
"Hot Cross Buns"
"A-tisket-a-tasket"
"Pussycat, Pussycat"

What Is God Like? Carolyn Harris is the vocalist and narrator of this interpretation of God for children up to six years of age. The other side has **the Song of Growing Things**, and the record can be obtained of unbreakable material for use by the children themselves. This is an RCA Victor record.

For Older Children

Peter and the Wolf: Prokofieff's music is accompanied by story narration by Sterling Holloway. Children love this musical tale as presented by the orchestra under the direction of Charles Wolcott. It's an album of two ten-inch unbreakable records. Use for children early twelve.

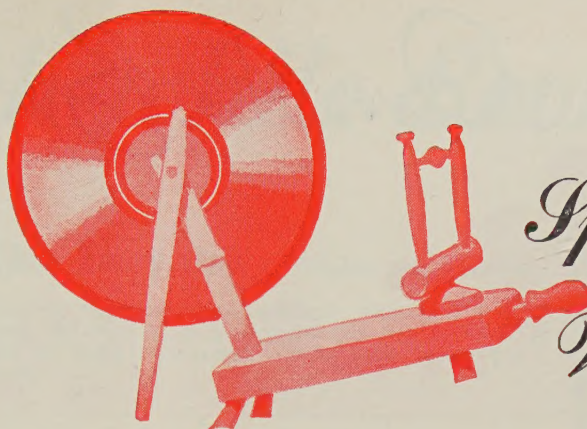
RCA Victor Children's Treasury of Music (Vol. 1): RCA Victor has prepared several albums of classical music for children. This is the first volume and contains four twelve-inch records. The titles are:

Schwanda: Polka and Fugue, *Weinberger*. Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, conductor.

Tales of Hoffmann: Act III: *Barcarolle, Offenbach*. Freely transcribed by Leopold Stokowski.

Moment Musical: *Schubert*. Transcribed by Leopold Stokowski. (These are the first two selections are presented by Leopold Stokowski and the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra.)

The Skaters Waltz: *Waldteufel*. Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra.



The Spinning Wheel

Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2: *Liszt*. Alexander Brailowsky, pianist.

For High School Young People

Dramatic Sketches by Judith Anderson: Miss Anderson, well known as a dramatic actress, has prepared these three twelve-inch records with a supporting cast and unaccompanied mixed quartet. She reads Abraham Lincoln's letter to Mrs. Bixby, "The Fog" by Latouche, "The Statue of Liberty" by Latouche, and the Sermon on the Mount, taken from the King James version of the Bible.

Folk Songs and Ballads (Vol. 2). Susan Reed, ballad singer, uses zither or Irish harp accompaniment for these folk songs. The album contains nine songs, including "Danny Boy" (old Irish air) and "The Three Gulls" (Italian folk songs). Senior high students may be studying some of these ballads in school, and would like to hear them sung in the original style.

Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring. E. Power Biggs plays the chorale-prelude from "Cantata No. 147" by Bach on the organ in the Memorial Church, Harvard University. On the other side, Mr. Biggs plays **Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming**, by Brahms. Although traditionally sung at Christmas time, the two songs can be enjoyed at any season of the year, especially as they are so familiar. Many of the young people will know the two from their work in glee club or choral society.

For Grownups

I Can Hear It Now. Edward R. Murrow, CBS news analyst, together with Fred W. Friendly, has prepared an interesting and thrilling selection of recordings of actual news broadcasts during the war years. Those persons who heard the first volume last year know how helpful this new volume will be for history students and for those persons who are interested in world affairs. It is not entertainment, but will bring back the history-making events of the past several years.

For Everybody

Chorales. The Trapp Family, an Austrian family now living in the United

States, has prepared an album of chorales by Johann Sebastian Bach. The album includes eight selections sung in German.

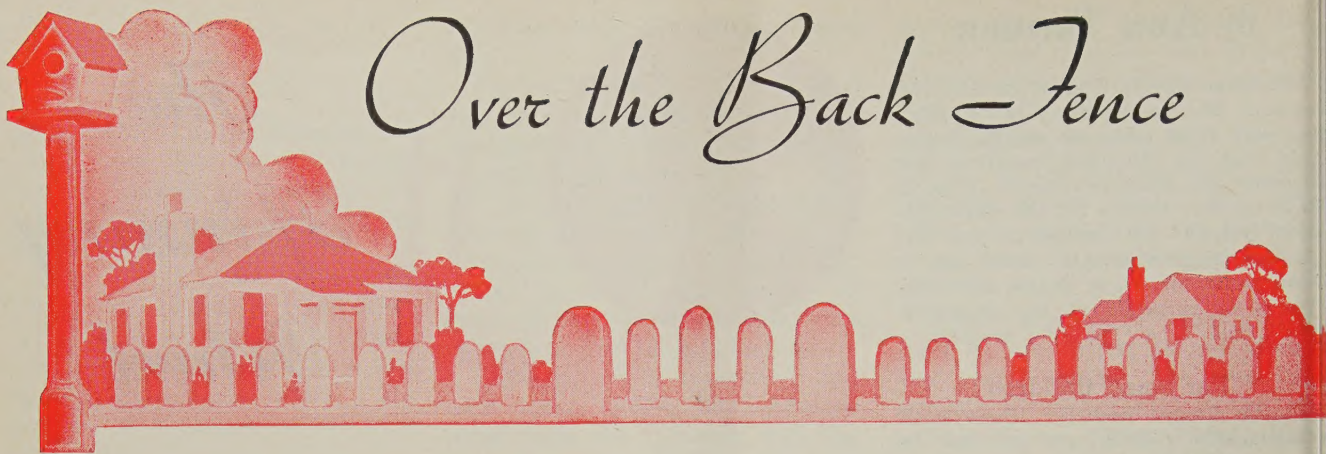
The choir is under the direction of Dr. Franz Wasner, and the album is produced by RCA Victor.

Selected Hymns. To close the family evening of records, play some of your favorite hymns. Bibletone has an album that includes "The Lord's Prayer," "Come Thou Almighty King," "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Our God, Our Help in Ages Past," "Now the Day Is Over," "Eternal Father Strong to Save," "Fairest Lord Jesus," and "Prayer of Thanksgiving." These songs are sung by a mixed choir, with accompaniment on the Master Cathedral Organ.

Sacred Songs by Helen Traubel. The well-known Metropolitan Opera singer presents some of the loveliest of the sacred music on this new long-playing record. Included are: "Oh, Rest in the Lord," "He Shall Feed His Flock," "Komm, Susser Tod," Handel's "Largo" from Xerxes, "Dank Sei Dir Herr," "Agnus Dei," "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," "Hear Ye, Israel." Family worship times would be greatly enriched by the inclusion of some of these lovely soprano solos.

Es Ist Vollbracht (from the Passion of Our Lord According to St. John) by Bach. This arrangement has been freely transcribed for orchestra by Leopold Stokowski, who conducts the Philadelphia Orchestra in the presentation on an RCA Victor record.

Great Songs of Faith. This RCA Victor album of songs by Marian Anderson, contralto, contains music to be heard all the year, but especially for Easter. There are three twelve-inch records, with the following songs: The Messiah: "He Shall Feed His Flock," Handel. The Messiah: "He Was Despised and Rejected," Handel. St. Paul: "But the Lord Is Mindful of His Own" (Recitative and Aria), Mendelssohn. Elijah: "O Rest in the Lord," Mendelssohn. St. John Passion: "All Is Fulfilled" (Es Ist Vollbracht), Bach.



Over the Back Fence

National Christian Family Week

The gradual transformation of Mother's Day into National Family Week or Christian Family Week is very significant. (Many churches use still another designation for the observance—Festival of the Christian Home.)

It marks a somewhat genteel rebellion against the rather shallow sentimentalism into which much of the observance of Mother's Day has fallen. There is good reason to suspect that most mothers have not been too happy with the one-day-a-year adulation which has centered around the second Sunday in May. They welcome the new emphasis on the home which this week brings.

Your church can probably supply you with material which will help you observe this week in your own home.*

Something to Think About

Here are a few items which might receive considerable attention during the observance of the above mentioned week:

Divorce. While we all rejoice that the figures for divorces in proportion to marriages have shown a decrease (10 per cent in 1948 over 1947, and 30 per cent over 1946) it is still far too common. The state of Massachusetts legislature has received four bills intended to cut the divorce rate. Without going into detail about their provisions, all are aimed at setting procedures of conciliation where marital rifts become too wide. More states should take similar steps.

Displaced Persons. American homes, with their unnumbered blessings, should give thought to the millions of families abroad who still live in concentration camps. Protestant families by the thousands await guarantees from groups in the United States so that they can come to "the land of the free and the home of the brave." They, too, will make their significant contributions to enriching the life of our country.

Drink. Our homes are to be the object of concerted attack by the brewers and distillers with their bottled and canned beverages. Seductive advertising costing many millions of dollars will go into every

magazine and newspaper and radio program that will accept it. The object will be to make those beverages, according to one ad, "a natural and normal part of an evening of entertainment at home." Thought should be given and action taken to support the Langer (S. 1847) and Bryson (H. R. 2428) bills now before the Senate and House respectively which will close the mails to this advertising. Why not write your senator and representative?

Death. The maternal death rate in the United States is at an all-time low. It would be still lower if as good care and guidance were given to underprivileged and minority groups as is received by the more privileged. If for example, Negro mothers could get as good attention as is available for most white mothers.

Dollars. Where do the average family's income dollars go? Here is one analysis of the outgo of each \$100:

1. Food	\$24.31	9. Recreation	\$4.48
2. Clothing	12.06	10. Medical care	3.64
3. Taxes	10.60	11. Personal business	2.94
4. Household costs	10.16	12. Tobacco	1.92
5. Savings	8.33	13. Personal care	1.31
6. Housing	7.61	14. Religion—charity	.86
7. Transportation	6.13	15. Education	.55
8. Alcoholic drinks	4.85	16. Foreign travel	.25

How does your budget compare with that?

If such items as these receive some consideration during National Christian Family Week there is a good chance that we will not become too mawkishly sentimental about the observance.

Around the Corner

Father, June is your month! Yes, Sir, we're dedicating *Hearthstone* to you, so don't miss the June issue.

There will be a heart-warming testimony of a father (Otis L. Graham) who says he has taken the lazy way of being a parent. His program has been running twenty years and with his own four well on the way to vigorous independence, he's "adopted" sixty-five more from a children's home.

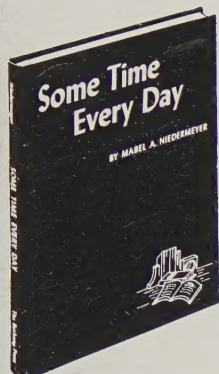
In reply to "Where shall we go this summer?" George Holwager says, "Vacation at home." With a few guiding rules, he tells how to enjoy a comfortable, restful, inexpensive vacation, designed to your own family's interests.

Yes, Dad, this is your issue!

*See page 43 of this magazine for some suggestions.

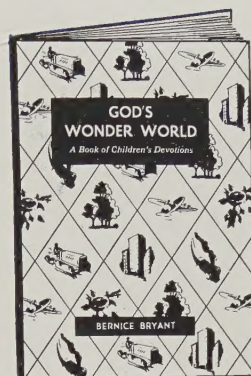
Worth-while Books

FOR CHILDREN . . .



Some Time Every Day *by Mabel Niedermeyer*

Forty-four thoughts, Scripture selections and poems and twenty prayers for special occasions to help boys and girls 9 to 11 think of God in relation to their experiences "some time every day." Illustrated! \$1.50.



God's Wonder World *by Bernice Bryant*

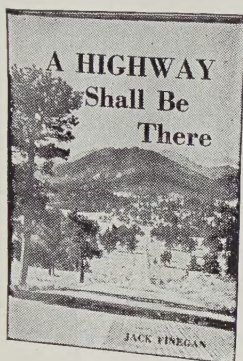
Photos, stories, prayers and Bible verses interpreting the common things of life for children 6 to 10 with a marvelous appeal to deep channels of worship. \$1.25.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE . . .

A Highway Shall Be There

by Jack Finegan

For questioning, curious, college-age youth seeking to find a workable philosophy of life, Jack Finegan has written this absorbing book showing how the teachings of Jesus are the best materials to use in building a happy successful life. \$1.75



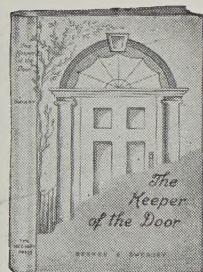
FOR THE FAMILY . . .

The Way to Power and Poise

by E. Stanley Jones

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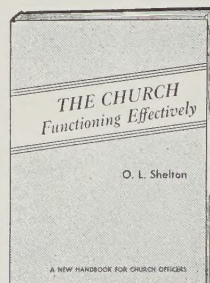
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